THE CABINET,

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

No. I. OF THE NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1809.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOHN OPIE, ESQ. R. A. ENGRAVEN BY MEYER, FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Proprietors of the NEW SERIES OF THE CABINET *have experienced a disappointment in the well-founded hopes they had entertained of being able to commence their Magazine with the Portrait of a character in that general literature, to which their work will be devoted. They were therefore driven to the last resource; and have been compelled to supply its place, with a Portrait which, however excellent and interesting it may be, certainly does not possess that novelty, for which the Portraits of* THE CABINET *will in future be distinguished.*

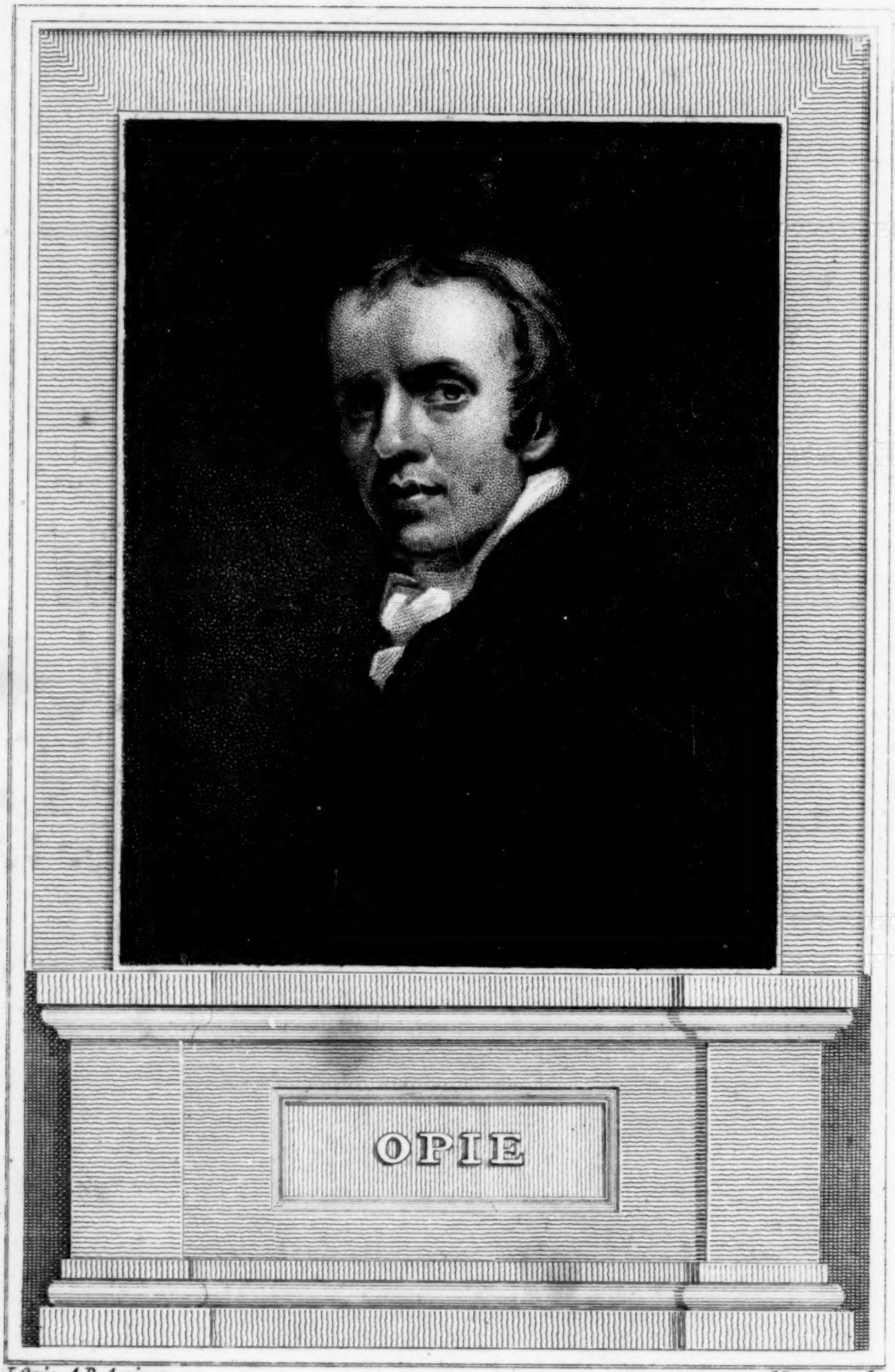
The Proprietors announce for the Portrait of their second Number, a likeness of JAMES KENNEY, *Esq. the best writing dramatist of the day.*

The Editor of the New Series of the Cabinet has succeeded to the communication of a "*Theatrical Amateur*" from Bath. He has taken great liberties with his fair correspondent's criticism; and he begs once for all to recommend conciseness to those who favour him with accounts of the Country Theatres. Upon these terms, he shall be happy to receive the future communications the *soi-disante* "Theatrical Amateur" offers; but he shall never think her an impartial judge of the merits of *one of the Bath actresses.*

> "Ha! no Amateur art thou;
> "Professeur I know thee now."

We do not affect any superior taste; but we beg to inform *J. G.* and *Charles*, that it is not our intention to devote any part of our New Series to the insertion of such verses as have obtained the name of *Magazine Poetry.* The verses of *J. G.* and *Charles* are quite as good as any that come under this denomination, and will readily obtain insertion elsewhere. They are left for them at the publishers'.

We thank GRAIUS for his promised series of *Remarks on the Greek Drama.* His first paper shall appear next month.



J. Opie A.R.A. pinx. *Meyer sculp.*

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THE

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POLITE LITERATURE.

JOHN OPIE, ESQ. R. A.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

JOHN OPIE, or rather Hoppy, which was his real name, was born in May, 1761, at a place called Harmony Cot, in the parish of St. Agnes, Cornwall. He changed his name by the advice of Dr. Walcott, who was his first patron, upon the notion that Hoppy sounded vulgarly. We are surprised that such minds as those of Walcott and Opie could have entertained so paltry a prejudice. Opie's talents would have conferred respect upon any name, and with them he ought to have been above the attempt to seek for advancement by any other means.

At a very early period, Opie is reported to have distinguished himself by an originality and strength of mind. His mathematical skill obtained for him the familiar appellation of the *little Sir Isaac;* and, at twelve years of age, he set up an evening school in St. Agnes, teaching arithmetic and writing, and reckoning amongst his scholars some who had nearly doubled his number of years.

His passion for drawing is thought to have been first excited in his tenth year, by seeing one of his companions draw a butterfly. He attempted, succeeded, and exulted in his success! His first humble attempts at portrait-painting were with a smutty stick against the white-washed wall of his paternal cottage, where he

exhibited, *in dark colours*, very striking likenesses of his whole family. His next step was to draw, with ochre, on cartridge-paper.

It being the wish of the father that he should follow the trade of a carpenter, he bound him apprentice to himself, regarding drawing as a waste of time. It was in the bottom of a saw-pit that Dr. Walcott, better known by the apellation of Peter Pindar, first beheld this untutored child of genius. Dr. Walcott, at that time, resided about eight miles from the village of St. Agnes, but was sometimes led thither by his professional pursuits. In the course of his rides, he had seen and admired some rude drawings of Opie's, chiefly likenesses in common chalk; and, at the house of one of his patients, he learned the history of the artist. Pointing to a very popular print of a farm-yard, such as is still daily exhibited in a certain large window in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, the lady of the mansion observed, that the sawyer's lad, whom she had already mentioned, had copied it very exactly. Struck with so extraordinary a circumstance, the doctor immediately proceeded to the saw-pit, where he found the youth covered with dust, and not a whit expecting the good fortune which was about to present itself. On being called up and questioned respecting his performances, he answered in the true Cornish dialect, the accent of which never wholly forsook his tongue, that he painted, *blazing stars! Duke William! King and Queen!* and *Nankivell's cat!*—The doctor naturally expressed a wish to behold some of these phenomena of the art, when the lad, quick as thought, tucked his leather apron round his loins, sprang across an adjoining hedge, and instantly returned, not only with *Mrs. Nankivell's cat*, but with two most ferocious looking monsters, and a portrait of the devil, agreeably to vulgar tradition, furnished with a tremendous pair of horns, saucer-eyes, a long forked tail, &c. These were the wild efforts of untutored genius, which indicated, "the god within." Dr. Walcott (for he was no mean artist himself) immediately saw their value, and resolved to cultivate the soil from which they sprang.

We have heard it stated, that, at one time, the doctor was at a loss as to what branch of the art he should chiefly direct his pupil's attention; and he is known to have expressed an opinion, that, had Opie devoted his talents to landscape, he would have been still more emi-

nent than he is. In summer, Dr. Walcott used to call him up at three in the morning, that he might commence his labours. Sometimes he would take him into the fields, to give him an idea of landscape and aërial perspective. One evening, when they were at Falmouth, they walked into the country, near Pendennis Castle: it was a calm summer's evening; the sea, at a distance, added to the beauty and majesty of the scene: the youthful artist contemplated it in silence; he listened to the instructions of his friend; and, the next day, he drew the whole from memory. This piece is said to have been finely coloured, and equal to any of our first masters in composition. Opie was then seventeen.

Previously to this, however, the pecuniary advantages of portrait-painting had determined the doctor in favour of that art. Under his tuition, young Opie was soon capable of pencilling out a decent head for five shillings; and, at the end of a twelvemonth, he undertook small half-lengths.

When he had thus depicted the likenesses of half the town of Truro, he used to trudge, with his apparatus, to the neighbouring villages and seats. One of his most profitable excursions was to Padstow, whither he had repaired, dressed in a peasant's short jacket. There he painted not only the heads, but the menial servants, together with the dogs, cats, and horses, of the ancient family of Prideaux. Conceiving that he could now afford to sacrifice at the shrine of the graces, he purchased a fashionable coat, laced ruffles, silk stockings, and a cocked hat! After his purchase he had about twenty guineas left; and, entering his patron's room with exultation, on his return, he exclaimed, *I shall wallow in gold!* and actually threw the guineas on the floor, and rolled amongst them like a pig!—To his honour, however, it should be recorded, that, with true filial piety, he presented this product of his labours to his mother, who had been extremely uneasy at his long absence.

Opie is said to have paid great deference to Dr. Walcott's instructions. Whilst that gentleman was painting, he would sometimes lean over him, and exclaim, "Ah! if I could ever paint like you!" Pindar, however, who knew the real powers of his pupil, always replied,—"If I thought thou wouldest not exceed me, John, I would not take such pains with thee." For

nearly two years, he never painted a single picture, without submitting it to the correction of his friend.

In 1780, Dr. Walcott and his pupil, resolving to emerge from provincial practice, repaired together to London; and, as they were unmarried, their joint expenses were supplied from a common purse. This mode of life, which was certainly very injudicious, did not long continue; and Mr. Opie, it is said, being the first to perceive its inconveniences, communicated his opinion by letter to a friend, who was absent in the country. Subsequently to this period they were never cordially united: they indeed met and visited, but all their former attachment was wanting; nor, during the remainder of their joint lives, did a sincere reconciliation take place. We are not competent to say who might be in fault in this affair. Opie certainly owed his professional existence to Dr. Walcott; and, consequently, he might have been expected to yield much to his patron. Yet we are not willing to believe him deficient in gratitude. Respecting the opinion, entertained by Opie, of the services which he had received from the doctor, the following curious *note of hand* is said to be still in the possession of the latter:—

"*I promise to paint, for Dr. Walcott, any picture or pictures he may demand, as long as I live; otherwise I desire the world will consider me as a d—-d ungrateful son of a b—-h.*

"*JOHN OPIE.*"

We are not aware that Opie ever swerved from this voluntary obligation; but it is matter of pleasant remark, that he always made his friend pay eighteen-pence for the canvas!

Opie was as fortunate in London as he had been in the country. To Walcott, however, was he indebted for his introduction into public notice. Through him, his pictures were shewn to Mrs. Boscawen, by whom Opie was introduced to the late Mrs. Delaney, who procured for him the notice of Majesty. An opportunity was contrived for the Royal Family to see his *Old Beggar Man*, soon after which Opie was honoured with a command to repair to Buckingham House. The artist's account of this interview was given in the following characteristical manner to Dr. Walcott, who has often been heard to

relate it with great humour.—" There was Mr. West," said Opie, " in the room, and another gentleman. First, her Majesty came in; and I made a sad mistake in respect to her, till I saw her face, and discovered by her features that she was the Queen. In a few minutes afterwards his Majesty came hopping in; I suppose," said Opie, " because he did not wish to frighten me. He looked at the pictures, and liked them; but he whispered to Mr. West—' tell the young man I can only pay a gentleman's price for them.' "—The picture which his Majesty bought was that of *A Man struck blind by Lightening*. The price given was ten pounds, with which Opie returned to the doctor full of spirits. His friend, when he heard the story, said—" Why, John, thou hast only got eight pounds for thy picture." " Indeed, but I have though," cried Opie, " for I have got the ten pounds safe in my pocket." On this he shewed him the money. " Aye," rejoined the doctor, " but dost thou know that his Majesty has got the frame for nothing, and that was worth two pounds." " Damn it, so he has," cried Opie, " I'll go back and knock at the door, and ask for the frame; damn it, I will." He was actually about to put his resolve into execution, till dissuaded by the doctor.

Popularity naturally followed the auspicious notice of royalty. His door was daily thronged with carriages; for the nobility were eager to have their lineaments traced by the hand of the self-taught boy, from the tin-mines in Cornwall.

It was in the year 1786, that Mr. Opie became known as an exhibitor at Somerset House, soon after which he aspired to academical honours, and ultimately attained the rank of Royal Academician. For a short time he enjoyed the profit and reputation of a fashionable portrait-painter; but the tide of popular favour, which had set in so strongly at first, turned its current; and we believe that, for several years, Mr. Opie scarcely earned more by his profession, than procured him a liberal maintenance. Yet, amongst real judges, his merit was eminently conspicuous; and even at a much earlier period than this, he received a distinguishing compliment from Sir Joshua Reynolds, who then enjoyed unrivalled pre-eminence in the art. One morning, whilst Dr. Walcott was breakfasting with that gentleman, he shewed him one of Opie's pieces; Sir Joshua's observation was

remarkable:—"Why this boy begins where other people leave off!"

As a literary character, Mr. Opie is entitled to some notice. He first distinguished himself in this respect by his *Life of Reynolds*, published in Dr. Walcott's edition of *Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters;* and next published a letter in the Morning Chronicle (since republished in Hoare's *Inquiry into the requisite Cultivation of the Art of Design in England)*, in which he proposed a distinct plan for the formation of a National Gallery.

On the formation of the Royal Institution, Mr. Opie was induced to accept of an appointment, to deliver lectures there upon the subject of painting. But, in that institution, Mr. Opie was not formed to shine. Destitute of the graces of delivery, he possessed no other qualification of a public orator than that of instructing those to whom he addressed himself. When Fuseli was appointed Keeper of the Royal Academy, Mr. Opie succeeded him in the professorship; and in his lectures, delivered at Somerset House, he is allowed to have been far more successful, than in those at Albemarle Street.

Mr. Opie was in the daily acquisition of wealth and fame, and rapidly advancing to the very zenith of popularity, when his mortal career was suddenly closed, on Thursday, the 9th of April, 1807, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His illness originated in a cold, caught in returning from a visit to his friend Tresham. From its extraordinary symptoms, dissection followed; when the lower portion of the spinal marrow, and its investing membrane, were found to be slightly inflamed, and the brain surcharged with blood. These appearances were regarded as constituting a rare occurrence in the records of medicine.

Mr. Opie had been twice married. His first hymeneal union was inauspicious. His lady, regardless of her vow, forgot the sacred duties of a wife; and a separation, law-suit, &c. followed. In his second marriage, which took place on the 8th of May, 1798, he was more fortunate; and, in the society of the present Mrs. Opie, the amiable author of many beautiful and interesting literary compositions, he enjoyed a delightful relief from the toilsome duties of his profession.

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

THERE have been few Monarchs whose literary character has been more unjustly appreciated than King James I. of England. It is allowed on all hands that he was a man of learning, but this concession is made only to call him a pedagogue: it is allowed us that he could write, but this is only to thrust into our hands his volume on Dæmonology, or a proof of the existence of witches. No allowances are made for his Scottish education, and the prejudices of the age in which he lived; and Pedant and Bigot are all the epithets we shall hear applied to one of the most learned men in himself, and one of the most liberal encouragers of learning in others, that the English Table of Kings can boast. I trust I shall be able in many ways to prove that King James greatly favoured the cause of literature; but had I no other argument than this to bring forward, grant me but that he was a learned man, and himself an author, and I would prove that he patronised literature as a matter of course. The very allowance that a King publishes is an *ipso facto* proof that he loves literature, and feels the bewitchment of authorship; and was there ever a Monarch who loved what he did not encourage? Besides, with Kings, *example* is almost every thing; and, as we find that, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, women began to learn Latin, and that King Charles's was the wittiest court in our history, so we learn that the age of King James was the most learned of any upon record, and consequently the most favourable to learning. But, without trusting my cause to this theory, if I can prove, from matter of history, that King James did really patronise both works of genius and their authors, my case is concluded, and the falling off which took place in his reign from the splendid age of Elizabeth, must, as an argument against these facts, be allowed no weight at all.

The reign of Elizabeth was, in genius, a reign such as all English history has never before paralleled, and must never look again to parallel. But this was the intervention of Heaven, and not the work of Elizabeth. Elizabeth patronised literature; Heaven had created a Spenser and a Shakspeare, and their radiance was perhaps kindled by her encouragement: James patronised literature quite as much; a second Spenser and Shakspeare

were not to be expected, but the first Shakspeare continued to shine; and if much new genius did not emanate, learning and philosophy advanced daily: if Heaven gave him no Spenser to illuminate his reign, he kindled a Bacon and a Jonson for himself. But I will enlarge in proof, and will bring forth, in their order, testimonies that he severally encouraged learning, philosophy, poetry, and the drama.

I. As to his encouragement of learning, I am cautious how I treat of this subject, lest I prove too much; for Mr. Ellis, in his Specimens of the early English Poets, has attributed that extinguishment of the genius of King James's reign, which I am inclined to think did not exist, principally to "the weight of learning which overlayed it;" and the fact is, that the style of English prose in this reign was stiff and inverted, stuffed with Latin sentences and quotations, and such as was certainly a better encourager of foreign learning than of the language of our own country. But it has not been proved that the encouragement of learning is the discouragement of genius: let real genius arise, and it will spurn every affected peculiarity of language which mere learning may have introduced; for, according to a great authority, "style is genius." And this was in fact the case with Bacon: he wrote in Latin chiefly, it is true; and King James's encouragement of him is a sufficient proof of his encouragement of learning: but look at his English Essays; is there a purer style in the history of language? Will it not last for ever? And is not the very little quaintness, with which it is now rather beautified than impaired, all the difference that will ever be observable between it and that of the best English models? Even Hume himself, who takes this exception to the style of King James's reign, mentions as pure writers, besides Bacon, to whom I am surprised he utterly denies an elegance of language, Cavendish, Bishop Gardiner, and Camden. The English productions of James himself too are characterized by Hume as the works of no mean genius. "The Speaker of the House of Commons," says he, "is usually an eminent lawyer; yet the harangue of his Majesty will always be found much superior to that of the Speaker, in every Parliament during this reign." But the most universal of my opponents would find little on which to ground their opposition to the presumed encouragement of King James to literature, if they denied his encourage-

ment of learning. Upon this point Hume is positive. "The best learning of that age," says he, "was the study of the ancients. Casaubon, eminent for this species of knowledge, was invited over from France by James, and encouraged by a pension of 300*l.* a year, as well as by church preferments."

II. That, notwithstanding his belief in that superstition of the times, witchcraft, James actually encouraged the progress of philosophy, may be proved by his patronage of that great and various philosopher, Bacon. From Elizabeth, Bacon obtained little advancement but the title of *Young Lord Keeper*, when a child; but from James's patronage he became the actual Lord Keeper, which the Queen had only predestined him to be. The truth is, that philosophy dawned in the reign of James I.; and so warmly was it welcomed by the English nation, that the famous philosopher, Antonio di Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, was actually induced to quit his native country for England, where he was immediately preferred in the church; and it was in this reign that Sir Henry Saville annexed salaries to the mathematical and astronomical professorships in Oxford.

III. Poetic literature, which is the third branch I am to consider, certainly fell off in the reign of James; but it was a falling off from the most brilliant poetic age this country has enjoyed; and I think it clearly to be proved that this was by no means the fault of James. James was himself a poet; and, if no excellent one, was a real lover of poetry, and actually wrote rules for the professors of the art. If the learning of his age did, as Mr. Ellis is of opinion, injure the fancy, it is surely a dangerous doctrine to broach: our best poets, with the exception perhaps of that great ONE, Shakspeare, have been men of learning; and it is not desirable to increase the catalogue of the Ducks, the Yeardsleys, and the Bloomfields of the day, who are certainly poets, if want of learning will make them so. But I cannot find that the learning of Ben Jonson injured his poetry: his comedies are certainly pedantic; but if he had not imitated the Roman models, he would perhaps have never written at all; and what can be more simple and beautiful than his "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and the rest of his love-songs? Or who discovers more of the soul of poetry than Beaumont and Fletcher, Dr. Donne, Drummond

of Hawthornden, and George Wither? Mr. Ellis himself allows the eminence of this reign in dramatic poetry: "indeed," says he, "no period of our history has produced so many models of dramatic excellence;" and this is true, for, in addition to the great dramatic names I have mentioned, the three noble constellations in the dramatic hemisphere, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Jonson, this reign is ornamented with the names of Shirley, Heywood, and Ford. That James patronised poetry is proved by his taking the trouble to write rules for, and specimens of, the art; but he patronised it in the shape of these great dramatists, in another way, by patronising the stage, which leads me to the fourth branch of my subject.

IV. The history of the early English stage is, during the reign of James I., a continued list of court favours bestowed upon the players. On the 7th of May the King arrived in London, and as early as the 19th, he granted the players their license, by the style of *his* Servants, for upon his establishment were they received. So great indeed was James's delight in the stage, that, even before he came to England, a company of comedians was sent him to Edinburgh by Queen Elizabeth; and when he arrived in England, he received his visitants with plays, and with plays was he himself received. There is extant a Latin play, which was performed before him at Cambridge; and at Oxford he was welcomed with the performance of no less than three plays, in the Hall of Christ Church.

But King James not only delighted in literature, he rewarded and encouraged literary men. The honours which Bacon reaped at his hands are well known; and it should be mentioned, that he allowed Ben Jonson a pension of a hundred marks. These are no mean encouragements to literature, and they should be remembered with gratitude to a literary benefactor of his country, such as James, however humble were his own talents, certainly was. I am astonished that the general weight of Hume has not done more for James's literary character: although I confess myself to have a higher idea of that Monarch's literature and literary age than even Hume, yet the public in general do not seem in this instance to have paid that regard to the historian's opinion which they generally betray. "It may safely be affirmed," says Hume,

"that the mediocrity of James's talents in literature, joined to the great change in national taste, is one cause of that contempt under which his memory labours, and which is often carried by party-writers to a great extreme. It is remarkable how different from our's were the sentiments of the ancients with regard to learning. Of the first twenty Roman Emperors, counting from Cæsar to Severus, above the half were authors; and though few of them seem to have been eminent in their profession, it is always remarked, to their praise, that by their example they encouraged literature." That this too was the case with King James I. is the decided opinion of

†‡†.

ANECDOTES OF WEST, THE PAINTER.

MR. EDITOR,

The following Anecdotes of Mr. West I had from his own mouth, in a conversation which I enjoyed with him at his house, on the 15th November, 1807. I put them to paper the instant I returned home; and, as whatever relates to the public character of a great man is public property, I trust I am not acting incorrectly in offering them for the enrichment of your Magazine.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Dec. 10, 1808. †‡†.

When Mr. West was painting his Death of Wolfe, an heroic picture which was treated in so novel a manner, that the artist thought to conceal it until its completion, Archbishop Drummond, for whom Mr. West had before painted his Agrippina, accidentally came into the room, and was so greatly struck with that boldness of innovation which dressed an heroic action in modern attire, that, after some questions of doubt as to its success, he went for Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in less than an hour they were both in Mr. West's painting-room. When Sir Joshua came in, he expressed the greatest alarm for Mr. West's reputation, warned him of his hazardous attempt, and told him the people of England would never be reconciled to heroes in coats and waistcoats. However, Mr. West said he would send for the Archbishop and Sir Joshua when the picture was completed, and, if they condemned it then, it should go into his closet; but that he had determined

to venture upon a picture which would speak to the meanest intellects, to shew some illiberal critics, who had before accused him of plagiary from old basso relievos, that he could paint from himself. When the picture was completed, Mr. West brought his friends to view it, according to his engagement; Sir Joshua stood silent before it about a quarter of an hour, and then very liberally told Mr. West that the picture would not only succeed, but would open a new æra in painting.

Garrick offered to lie for Wolfe, but Mr. West refused his offer, upon the plea that, if the General were painted from the Actor, the figure would inevitably be Garrick, and not Wolfe.

Mr. West expresses himself highly thankful that his studies in painting were unknown and unregarded as they were; for by that means he went to them without any of those prejudices which schools impart. When Mr. West went to Italy, so far was he from relishing the style of painting which then obtained there, that he saw and ridiculed its absurdities at once. At that time nothing was painted there but Madonas and Children, with perhaps two or three Cupids in the Air; and, in England, no characters in an heroic picture were represented in any thing else than Roman or Gothic armour. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds, till after Mr. West's time, never painted a portrait but in a fancy-dress. All this was altered by West's Death of Wolfe; and it was for this style of painting, and not for his Regulus (the first picture Mr. West painted for the King) or his Agrippina, that France eulogized Mr. West when they gave him that sumptuous entertainment upon admitting him a member of the National Institute.

PINDAR AND COWLEY.

MR. EDITOR,

The wretched conceits in the following lines of Cowley have been justly ridiculed by Dr. Johnson; but the learned critic has not remarked, that they are *originally* borrowed from Pindar. At the same time, the idea is so spun out by Cowley beyond what it is in the original, that a very small share of censure, if any, is to be attributed to the Theban Bard. In Pindar it is at least passable, if not beautiful: in Cowley the sentiment is

dilated into imbecility, and becomes utterly ridiculous:—

" Let the *Postillion*, Nature, mount; and let
" The *Coachman*, Art, be set;
" And let the airy *Footmen*, running all beside,
" Make a long row of goodly pride;
" Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
" In a well-worded dress,
" And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and useful Lies,
" In all their gaudy *Liveries*."

" Mount, glorious Queen, thy trav'lling throne,
" And bid it to put on;
" For long, tho' cheerful, is the way,
" And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day."

After toiling through these conceits of Cowley, it will be some relief to read the following lines of Pindar:—

Ω Φίντις, ἀλλὰ ζεῦξον ἥ-
-δη μοι σθένος ἡμιόνων
ἢ ταχὸς, ὄφρα κελεύθῳ τ' ἐν καθάρᾳ
βάσωμεν ὄχχον. *Olymp. Od.* 6.

It is to be observed, that Φίντις in its literal sense signifies *a charioteer;* but it is generally used metaphorically, to signify *the mind quasi Auriga Corporis.*

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

GRAIUS.

ON THE PHRASE "OF THE LAST IMPORTANCE."

MR. EDITOR,

I shall be glad if any of your correspondents can in any way account for the use of the phrases, "of the *first* importance" and "of the *last* importance," synonymously. This is a species of blowing hot and cold which ought to be banished from English composition by the sole use of the word "first," notwithstanding we have several eminent authorities for the word "last." When we think of explaining the phrase "last importance," we are very much inclined to say, "Oh! *last* importance, *first* importance;" but as this does not sound very well, we add "*highest* importance, *principal* importance;" which leads me to suppose, that the only origin of the phrase can be, "of the *climax* of importance, that which deserves to be put in the *last* and most important place in the catalogue of importances." Or perhaps it may mean "of an importance which must be the last to be foregone."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, †‡†.

AN ANTIDOTE TO THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE LATE THOMAS LITTLE, Esq.,

BEING AN EXPOSURE OF THE SOPHISTRY AND PLAGIARISM OF THAT INJURIOUS PUBLICATION.

" Discite sanari, per quem didicistis amare."
OVID. REM. AM.

" By reading me you first receiv'd your bane ;
" Now, for an antidote, read me again."
TATE'S PARAPHRASE.

" Call it not Love, for Love to Heav'n is fled,
" Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name,
" Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
" Upon fresh beauty."
SHAKSPEARE'S *Venus and Adonis.*

The following Essays are intended, by analysing the sophistry and recording the plagiarism of the poems to which they call themselves an antidote, to diminish the ill effects which the wide circulation of those poems among young and superficial readers is likely to occasion. Their design is to shew that the Muse of Mr. Moore is not only a specious and ill-framed beauty, but that her component features, such as they are, are not her own. The present writer says " Mr. Moore," because that gentleman has, in his musical compositions, made the volume of " the late Mr. Little" his own, and because there are indeed sufficient proofs in the book itself that the poems it contains are to be considered in the same light as " the Sportive Juvenilia which Beza published under a fictitious name *," and that, since one of his songs " is attributed to a gentleman who has no more right than the Editor of these poems to any share in the composition †," Thomas Little can be only the Bezan denomination of that Editor himself, who, moreover, subscribes his initials " T. M." The writer must, however, do Mr. Moore the justice to say that his invention of the life, writings, and death in his 21st year, of his friend Mr. Little, is not without ingenuity, and is pre-eminently calculated to increase the mischief of the poems it introduces. Who does not sympathize in the death of a youth of feeling, taste, and literature, at the early age of 20 ? And which of us will not be inclined to pardon the warm indulgencies of a heart like his, especially when we are told that that heart now lies cold in the grave, and that, as it cannot rise with rapture at the praises of the young, it is equally unable to sink with contrition at the censures of the old ? And it is not every reader of the work before us who examines it with sufficient nicety to detect the fiction of its authorship : the present writer has met with more than one impassioned admirer of its contents, who has wept at what he supposed to be the untimely fate of their author ; and the writer is

* See Dedication, p. 2.

† Poems, p. 109, 8th edit., to which all the references in these Essays will be made.

very well convinced that this is (or at least was, till the appearance of some celebrated Reviews) the supposition of nineteen out of twenty of the girls and boys who break their hearts for love, and their nights' rest for Little's Poems.

It will perhaps be urged that the publication of the present Essays may rather extend, than check, the evils they endeavour to counteract, by conveying the knowledge of their existence where it might otherwise have remained a secret: and truly, if the circulation of Little's Poems were not so enormous that it is almost as impossible to increase it, as it is desirable to decrease it, the present writer would have been the first to acknowledge the weight of the argument; but the fact is, that the Poems he is about to examine have gone through eight large editions, and that not only are they to be found in the cabinet of every man and woman of fashion in the United Kingdom, but many of them have insinuated themselves under young ladies' piano-fortes in the guise of pieces of music; and even papa and mama will allow that they must have songs to practise, and that those things should always be left to the music-master. It is not very likely, therefore, that this antidote should find its way where the poison has not been previously imbibed; and, even if this should be the case, its administrer can shelter himself under the example of those surgeons who secure the removal of a diseased part by cutting somewhat beyond it.

The amatory verses of Mr. Thomas Moore (if they deserve that epithet) are of a more dangerous tendency than any prostitutions of the British Muse which have yet been made public. The poetical sins of Rochester, Prior, Alexander Steevens, Hall Stevenson, and Captain Morris, are generally gross enough to carry with them their own antidote; but the warm colouring of Mr. Moore's love-poems is at once heightened by inuendo and glossed by delicacy; the poems have much of the feeling of Rochester, without any of his obscenity, and more than the ease of Prior, without any of his vulgarity. This union seems to have been the ardent aim of Little's Poems: their author has, in general, preferred feeling to conceit, and always ease to wit; but, in attaining these objects, he has sacrificed largely to that amatory glow, which is only the more dangerous from the beauty of its connectives. Mr. Moore's Muse is, indeed, the Prior of a fashionable lady's dressing-room: his language is, for the most part, colloquy itself; and there has, perhaps, been no poet, since the days of Sir Charles Sedley, who could insinuate himself into a female *tête à tête* with

greater facility than Mr. Moore. With all these talents, nowever, and notwithstanding the lasting reputation which he might have gained by merely mingling a little modesty with the real feeling and poetic ease he certainly possesses, the volume before us deserves a very little better fate than what the common hangman could bestow upon it; since nothing can be more injurious to morality than the warm terms with which every deviation from it is here welcomed, and nothing more fatal to the sovereignty of reason in young minds than the specious sophistry by which its empire is here perpetually disputed. Till this summary suppression can be adopted, it may not be ineffectual to offer some antidote to the Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, by proving,

I. That most of the ideas in these poems are not the author's own; and,

II. That he has put them together in a sophistical way.

I. If it should diminish Mr. Moore's claims to poetical imagination, it will, at least, increase those to poetical reading, to shew, as it is trusted it will be shewn in the following examination, how largely he has borrowed from the fancy of others, and for how little he has drawn upon his own. It will be seen, in the following pages, that "the early poets of our own language were," indeed, "the models which Mr. Little selected," not only "for his imitation*," but for his engraftment; and that there is scarcely an amatory poet, of any age or country, from whom he has not gleaned something. Let the young ladies, then, who have hitherto doated upon the passionate strains of Mr. Moore, reflect that, though his poetical dress certainly fits him very well, and he makes love in it with a great deal of vivacity, yet it is as motley as a harlequin's jacket, where all the pieces are borrowed from different wardrobes, and where nothing is the wearer's own but the tinsel that connects them together.

II. But if Mr. Moore is a plagiarist in his poetry, he is exquisitely original in his reasoning. If Shakspeare

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* Preface, p. 9.

has put into the mouth of a man mad with jealousy an hyperbolical saying, that, because his wife was

> ——— "like one of Heaven, the devils themselves
> Would fear to seize her,"

Mr. Moore coolly reasons that such a one, "though whelm'd in sin," will

> ———"so like an angel smile,
> They can't but let her in."

In another instance, he recommends "a kiss," as "a passport to Heaven;" and, in a third, he contradicts the parable of Lazarus and Dives, and exclaims,

> "Oh! dying thus a death of love,
> To Heav'n *how dearly* should I go:
> He well might hope for joys above,
> Who had begun them here below."

The phrase "*how dearly*" here should be read in the sense of "how hardly." It is a sad pity that the poet should interfere with any other Heaven than that which is "in Susan*." He might have been immoral without being blasphemous. But it is useless to quote here more examples of the fallacy of Mr. Moore's reasoning: the intended analysis of his poems will, it is trusted, hold it up to the detection of his blindest admirers.

It is astonishing to see how the Poetical Works of Thomas Little can ever have been recommended to the children of "taste," "feeling," and "sympathy†;" and how their author can ever have been dignified with the name of an amatory poet. It may be desire, but it is hardly love, that runs through his volume. One of the surest tests of real love is the unity of its object; and inconstancy seems to be the great forte of Mr. Moore: in the poems before us, we find him in love with no fewer than Julia, Emma, Mary, Phillis, Bessy, Rosa, and Chloe, besides several blank addressees; and he treats them all in the same style of fervid affection with which

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* "Oh, Susan! I've cried in our moments of mirth,
What's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there's a Heaven on Earth,
And believe that that Heaven's in thee." P. 128.

† See the Introductory Poem, p. 1.

any other man would invoke only one mistress. It is but justice to avow, however, that Mr. Moore now and then acknowledges his inconstancy; but it is only to paint it in a venial, if not in an amiable, light. Now our most received amatory poets are generally piously strict to only one attachment: Horace had his Lydia only, Catullus his Lesbia, Tibullus his Delia, Carew his Celia, Waller his Saccharissa, Cowley his "Mistress," and Prior his Chloe; and not only were these the only mistresses to whom the poets dared to pretend, but even some of these were coy and hard-hearted. But to Mr. Moore every woman is kind; and if, by any chance, one or two happen to be inconstant, they are sure to be upbraided with their fickleness with as much severity as if he himself were the very mirror of monogamy. What, then, are we to conclude? why, that no pure love ever animated the pen of Mr. Moore; and that the objects of his Muse were either a fictitious variety, or a variety *d'une certaine description.* The former alternative seems to be supported by the very great inconsistency with which his Julia, &c. are addressed, as if it were always a toss-up with him what name should be the vehicle of what sentiment; and the latter would appear to be the fact, by the many poems which are addressed to "*Mrs's.* ———," who must be either very imprudent young widows, or inhabitants of the parish of Marybone. And can the author think that young ladies, "whose hearts are of gentle mould*," ought to travel through a book whose entrance introduces them to such society as this? When the character of Mr. Little's mistresses is thus discovered, we are at no loss to account either for their numbers, or for his death at the age of twenty. We now see an additional test of Mr. Moore's ingenuity in so justly loading Mr. Little with the consequences of his debaucheries; and the present writer is actually inclined to think that Mr. Moore meant, by this dramatic death of Mr. Little, to write his own antidote. He shall therefore be only assisting him in this great work, by unravelling, as he shall proceed to do, each of his poems in their order, omitting, however, his few Romances, College Exercises, and

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* See the Second Introductory Poem, p. 3.

Occasional Miscellanies, which have nothing to do with his present object.

The writer is additionally persuaded to the present undertaking by the school of amatory poetry, which the volume of Mr. Moore has founded in this metropolis. The Camoens of Lord Strangford, and the Translations of Mr. Walpole, are the foremost only of those imitators of Mr. Little's glow, with which the press has lately been kept in motion. Since his success we have had scarcely any thing else but Poems chiefly Amatory, Lyrics of Love, Pleasures of Love, Lyre of Love, &c; and most of these productions, if they are less poetical than Mr. Moore's work, take care to be quite as prurient.

Mr. Moore, it is said, differs very essentially from most of his critics, as to the injuriousness of his publication. In his Dedication, we find him terming his Poems "*inoffensive* follies," and in one of his mottos he says "*lusisse* pudet," he is ashamed to have *trifled*. He is *ashamed* to have trifled! as Hotspur would exclaim; why did he *publish* his trifles then? But it is to be feared he has not "trifled merely." His difference of opinion with his critics, on this point, may probably originate from a consciousness of the innocence of his intentions; but dangerous effects have often followed innocent causes: to quote almost the only maxim worth remembrance in the works of Thomas Dibdin, "there is more evil comes of meaning no harm than young people are aware."

The writer hopes and believes that Mr. Moore himself is a very different character from Mr. Little. He trusts that

> "——— distant mores à carmine—
> Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa;"

but his Poems are of the most alarming tendency, and it is the duty of every one who has a regard for morality to contribute to their suppression.

[*To be resumed.*]

SELECTIONS
FROM
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

No. I.

ROBERT HERRICK.

UNDER this title, it is intended to present the admirers of genuine poetry with the most beautiful of the productions of the minor poets of the ages of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. Since the publication of Mr. Ellis's Specimens, more persons than a few collectors of old books have discovered that our best editions of the English Poets are far from containing all our best pieces of English poetry. Dr. Johnson's edition, indeed, omits Chaucer and Spenser; Bell's includes no other of the old English Poets but these two; and even Anderson's omits many ancient productions of sterling excellence. It would never be discovered, from any of our editions of the British Poets, that the age of Elizabeth was the most poetical of this poetical nation; and it would not be sufficiently manifest that the age of Charles I. produced as many poets as wits. The truth is, that our early poets, actually possessing many conceits, have gained credit for many more; and under this imputation all their feeling and fancy have lain buried and undisturbed for centuries. The recent publication of Mr. Ellis has, however, convinced the merely modern reader that "full many a gem" is "borne" by "the dark unfathom'd caves of ocean;" and it is for the purpose of depositing these gems in our CABINET, that the present article is instituted. Mr. Ellis's Specimens have given us only a taste of the rich banquet that is yet prepared for us: it shall be the task of our numbers to spread for our readers a regular table of the same fare.

But we must often say to that collector, who honours our pages with a perusal, "cœnabis benè" only "si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam cœnam." We trust that the well-known liberality, which presides in the collections of the present day, will assist us to present our readers with every thing valuable, that Mr. Ellis and other selectors * have not given, in the poems of, among

* From the list of these selectors, we shall except Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Headley, as their works are now exceedingly scarce.

others, Gascoigne, Marlowe, Sir Henry Wotton, and Marston, of the reign of Elizabeth; Burton, Thomas Heywood, Wither, and Shirley, of the reign of James; and Habington, Randolph, Lovelace, Alexander Brome, Sir Robert Howard, Herrick, and Stanley, of the reign of Charles.

As one of not the least beautiful, and of the most rare, of these poets, we commence with extracts from the "Hesperides, or the Works, both humane and divine, of Robert Herrick, Esq. 1648."—From the poems of Herrick there are a few beautiful extracts in the Censura Literaria, vol. iii. p. 234, as well as in Mr. Ellis's Specimens, vol. iii. p. 307, none of which will of course be repeated here. Herrick was a multifarious writer, his volume containing epistles, and effusions of loyalty, satire, religion, and love. His epistles are, for their day, easy and spirited; his loyal poems are now utterly unalluring; his satires are confined to epigrams in imitation of Martial, and are often stingless, and sometimes obscene; "his noble numbers, or his pious pieces, wherein (amongst other things) he sings the Birth of his Christ, and sighes for his Saviour's suffering on the Crosse," are laboured and conceited; but his love-poems, though too often indecent, and sometimes pedantic, contain many effusions of true tenderness and rich poetry. It will be from these last that our selections will be principally made.

TO HIS MUSE.

Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home,
Where thou may'st sit, and piping please
The poor and private cottages;
Since cots and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy.
There, with the reed, thou may'st express
The shepherd's fleecy happiness;
And with thy eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless bucolics.
There on a hillock thou may'st sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling;
Or to a girl that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet.
There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple villages.
But, for the court, the country-wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and do not go,
Or fly abroad to seek for woe.
Contempts in courts and cities dwell;
No critic haunts the poor man's cell,

Where thou may'st hear thine own lines read,
By no one tongue there censured.
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it sitting still.

THE POMANDER BRACELET.

To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet richly redolent:
The beads I kiss'd, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES, AND THE QUARRY OF PEARLS.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The quarelets of pearl.

UPON ROSES.

Under a lawn, than skies more clear,
Some ruffled roses nestling were;
And snugging there they seem'd to lie
As in a flow'ry nunnery.
They blush'd, and look'd more fresh than flowers
Quicken'd of late by pearly showers;
And all because they were possess'd
But of the heat of Julia's breast,
Which, as a warm and moisten'd spring,
Gave them their ever flourishing.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress,
Kindles in cloaths a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown,
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there,
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tye
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO CRITICS.

I'll write, because I'll give
You critics means to live;
For should I not supply
The cause, th' effect would die.

"OF THE VINE, AND OF VVINE—OF IMMODERATE DRINKING—AND ADVICES AGAINST WINE."

[From "ΑΡΧΑΙΟ-ΠΛΟΥΤΟΣ, containing ten following Bookes to the former TREASURIE OF AUNCIENT AND MODERNE TIMES. Translated out of that worthy Spanish Gentleman, Pedro Mexia, and M. Francesco Sansovino, that famous Italian,&c. London,1619,"folio.]

CHAP. XXII.

Who vvas the first that planted the Vine: And vvho beganne to put vvater into vvine. To vvhom, and in vvhat maner the Romaines did prohibite Wine: With many other notable things tending to the same purpose.

OF all the fruites which the earth yeeldeth (I mean those whereof liquor is made) there is none (in my iudgement) more profitable then good wine; prouided, that it be temperately taken. For this cause was it that Anacharsis sayd, The Vine produceth three Grapes: The first of Pleasure: The second of Drunkennesse: And the third of Teares and Sadnesse. So that hee which passeth the first Cuppe, that is to say, a little, and moderatly receiued; proceedeth on to shame and danger.

Phrophane Authours, that neuer had any vnderstanding of the sacred Scriptures, doe name vs diuerse inuenters of wine. Diodorus Siculus, in his fourth book attributeth the inuention of wine, and first planting of the Vine, to Dionysius the sonne of Iupiter, named Bacchus, and Liber pater, so styled, for the liberty of wine. For this inuention a Temple was erected to him, vnderneath the Capitoll at Rome, where they celebrated his Feastes, which were called Dionysians, or Bacchanalians, very dishonest, and full of great lubricity. That the inuention came from these Dionysians, Virgill giueth assurance, at the entrance into his second booke of Georgickes. Howbeit, Marcianus Capellus saith, that Dionysius only instructed the Greeks, in the manner of making wine. Others say, that Icarius father to Erigone, first taught the industry of making wine to the Athenianes: and becomming afterwards drunke thereby, the people slew him. In Italie, they say, that Saturne did first plant the Vine there, and brought the yoong suckers and plants from the Isle of Candie thither. And Plutarke writeth, that Arrus Hetruscus brought Vines first into France. But the trueth of historie, is, that the first inuenter of wine, was Noah, and the first that made himself drunke therewith: whereof are Authours (besides

that which is recorded in the ninth chapter of Genesis) Lactantius, Firmianus, and Iosephus. Noah, at his comming forth of the Arke, planted the Vine with his owne proper hand, and drunke the iuyce of the raisin, whereby he became drunke: and discouering his nakednesse in sleeping, it happened to him by his sonnes, according as we reade in the same chapter of Genesis.

Afterwards, men attayning to know the sauour of wine, did drinke it, at the first, wholly pure of it selfe, and without the commixtion of any water: for, as Pliny auoucheth, one named Stasius was the first that did put water into wine, to temperate and quallifie it. By the means of which aduice, great good and healthfulnesse ensued to the world: because, wine being so made moderate, procured verie good and excellent effects. In like manner Plato, alleadged by Macrobius, in his second booke, sayth: Wine moderately taken, strengtheneth the understanding of a man, augmenteth his force and vigour, maketh the heart chearefull and deliberate, and taketh away irkesome thoughts, and all offensiue perturbations. Plinie sayth, The vse of Wine, receiuing it temperately, multiplieth our forces, encreaseth bloud and colour in the face: The nerues are fortified by wine, sight strengthened, the stomacke made vigorous, and appetite awaked: It prouoketh vrine, impeacheth vomiting, expelleth melancholie, maketh the heart sprightly, and serueth for many other good things. Asclepiades the Physition, wrote a booke by it selfe, wholy concerning the vertues of wine. And saint Paul writing to Timothy? councelleth him to drinke a little wine tempered, to strengthen his stomacke.

Physitions do make use of wine in many medicines, because wine restoreth all the humours, re-enforceth blood where it fayleth, gladdeth a melancholy disposition, dissipateth and dryeth vp flegme, humecteth and helpeth to purge choller. Plato, introducing Socrates, sayth thus in commending wine; Like as moderate rains doe encrease our hearbs, and tempests and inundations of waters doe rent them vp and destroy them: Euen so, wine temperately taken, cheareth the spirites, and fortifieth the vertues of the body; whereas contrariwise, over-much, and intemperately receiued, destroyeth all. Not so much as the very odour and smell of wine, but it is highly commended (beyond all other odours) by our naturall Philosophers: because it is very comfortatiue, giueth great vigour to the spirites, and is exceeding liuely and piercing. But yet wee must consider withall, that

the chiefe vertue of wine is euermore vnderstood, when it is qualified and made temperate.

The ancient Romanes did wholly take away the vse of wine from women and children : as Valerius sayth, speaking of the customes and lawes of the Romanes. So that, as Plinie affirmeth, at such time as Romulus reigned in Rome, a husband slew his wife, because shee had drunke wine; and in regard that the murder followed vpon this occasion, Romulus pardoned it. The vice of drinking wine, was held to be so odious in women, that Fabius Pictor reporteth, because a Romane woman had deceiued the Clarke of a celler, onely to drinke wine which was kept therein ; her parents caused her to be starued to death. And heereupon grew the custome of fathers and mothers kissing their children on the mouthes ; onely to perceiue thereby, whether they had drunk wine or no. We finde it in good record, that N. Domitius being Iudge of Rome, he depriued a woman of her Dowry, because shee had drunke more wine, then was allowed her for her health. Salomon in his Prouerbs sayth, It is not for Kings to drinke wine, or Princes strong drinke, lest he drinke and forget the Decree, and change the iudgement of all the children of affliction. And yet we read, that the Kings of Ægypt were permittod to drinke wine, so it were moderately, and in a certayne measure.

Vpon a time, Romulus beeing then King of Rome, and inuited to a bountifull banquet ; he would drinke but very little wine, saying; To morrow I am to determine a matter of great importance. Auicen saith ; In giuing children wine to drinke, it is an addition of fire to fire. Aristotle expressely forbad the giuing of wine to children, and likewise to the Nursses that gaue them sucke. Plato by the laws which he made in his Booke, for the common-wealth, although he seems in the first book, to admit a tolleration of wines, yet in the second he sayth ; A man ought to drink a little, and well qualified. This allowance stretcht not to any one, till he had attained to 18 yeares of age, and so to continue till hee were forty : but it must be alwayes doone in the presence of olde men, to the end that he might be reprooued, when in the least manner hee exceeded. From forty yeares vpward, hee permitted that a little more then hee had formerly demaunded, should be giuen him ; to make the colde and melancholy disposition (of that age) the more temperate ; and yet it must bee doone in a certayne measure too. It was his charge also, that

seruants should drink no wine, neyther Iudges, Magistrates, or any that held any publique iurisdiction: and as for yong men that studyed, he aduised them, not to drinke any. Auicen alloweth Platoes law, in this poynt, as a rule for Phisicke: And thereto likewise Galen consenteth. Alexander Aphrodiscus sayth in his Problemes, Hee which drinketh nothing but water onely, hath his sight and other sences more liuely, then he that drinketh wine.

Now, as concerning in what fashion and maner, wine should be tempered and qualified; there are many rules, and diuersities of opinions. Hesiodus the Greek Poet saith, That in one quarte of wine there should be three quarts of water mingled. Atheneus sayth, that the auncient Greekes vsed to put fiue parts of water into two partes of wine, and most times three parts of water, into one of wine. which is the rule of Hesiodus. Heere also is to be obserued, that the Greekes did not put water into their wine, but wine into water, and Theophrastus assureth vs, that by this way, both the one and the other are much the better mingled. Moreover, auncient men did not onely moderate wine in this manner, but albeit it was thus tempered, they would drinke very little thereof. Eubulus the Greeke Poet doth affirme, introducing Bacchus, to speake thus vnto the sages; I will never make more than three giftes of wine: The first, for health: the second, for taste: And the third, for sleepe; the rest sauoureth of disorder and drunkennesse. Apuleius Paniasis, who wrote of meates, delivereth the like Iudgement, attributing this maner to their severall daughters. The first, to the Graces: The second, to Venus: And the third, to shame and danger. Iulius Cæsar was very temperate in drinking wine: as Suetonius witnesseth by the testimonie of Cato, who was vtter enemie to Cæsar. Demosthenes, the excellent Oratour, was the like. And Apollonius Thyaneus of whom so many famous things are written, did neuer drinke any Wine, or feede vpon flesh.

In our Christian Religion, temperance (in drinking) is much commended. Saint Iames the lesser, did neuer drinke wine, or stronge drinke, nor did euer eate any flesh; immitating Saint Iohn the Baptist. Wee find the like affirmed of Saint Stephen, King of Portugall. Iosephus in his Antiquities commending the holinesse of the Esseans, (who helde one of the three Sects amongst the Iewes, whereof the other two were Pharisees and Saduces) sayth: That the Esseans did neuer drinke

wine. Iu an Epistle Saint Hierome reproоued Priestes, that addicted themselues to drinke wine, telling them, That Saint Paul the Apostle did forbid it, and that in the ancient Law, such as serued in the Temple, did not drinke wine, or any other drinke that might procure drunkennesse.

Such as are tearmed good drinkers, vse to say, that good wine ought to haue foure properties, to answere foure sences or vnderstandings of the body: To the taste, by sauour: To the smell, by a pefect odour: To the sight, by a neate and cleare colour: And to the eare, by a good report of the Countrey where it was made. Of this good wine men vse to make vineger, which hath many good properties and inconueniences likewise: wherein I will be silent, because they are matters too vulgar and common.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of many dammages and daungers which ensue by the immoderate drinking of wine. And how it hath beene held as an healthfull thing (by some Phisitions) to be drunke sometimes.

ALTHOUGH the liquor called Wine, be apt and wholesome for diuers infirmities: yet notwithstanding, so many harmes and annoyances do arise, from the excessiue immoderate taking thereof, that the euills doe superabound all the goods ensuing thereby. So that it appeareth, that it were better not to know it, but rather to content ourselues with water, which God hath giuen vs for our drinke; because hee thought nothing meeter for vs, and all other creatures doe well content themselues therewith. Heereto also may be added, that wine hath beene the onely occasion, by which many haue become distracted in their sences; some haue lost their liues, and others not meanely endaungered the saluation of their soules.

Now, although the harmes ensuing to men (by Wine) are too apparently knowne; yet notwithstanding, they are so far from shunning & auoyding them, that they daily seeke after new occasions, and strange deuised appetites for drinking. And in our best French language, these new appetites are titled by some; A spur or prouocation to a cup of wine; by others, A shooing horne, to draw on a quart or two of good wine, so that a slice of a Gambone of Bacon, is held (in this case) for a precious relique, and few hours in the day or night doth passe ouer them, but the cup is kist with sound deuotion in drinking; sometimes taking fiue or sixe cups more then

are necessary. Pliny saieth, there are some men, who will drinke before they be thirsty, and wine onely (among all other drinkes) hath this property, to cause it selfe to be drunke, before a man haue any need of it. He saith moreouer, that some do drinke in such sort as they iustly deserue; for it giues them (immediately) the due punishment to such sinne: for the vapour mounting vp into the braine, bereaueth them of all vnderstanding, so that they remaine as mè senselesse. And hauing plaid it off lustily (as they vse to tearme it) for some quantity of time: it plaieth with them as the Cat doth with the Mouse, either kils them outright, or (at least) engendereth so many harmes and infirmities, as are much worse than death it selfe; as Gouts, Palsies in the head, hands and feete, imbrodering the eyes with a scarlet coulor, burning vp the Liuor, and fiering the face, beside diuers other such vndecent and scarse-grace-full qualities, no way fit to be vsed among mẽ indeed.

Cato said, Drunkennesse is a voluntary folly. And Pliny saith, It confoundeth the memory, and procureth dreadfull dreames. Seneca, writing to Lucullus, saieth: Wine maketh the legges and armes impotent, and causeth men to become luxurious. Dyonisius Areopagita, alleadging Plato to haue spoken the words, saith: Drunkennesse is a liuely and merry Minstrill, and yet it makes our legges to faile vnder vs, giuing (as wee vse to say in France) a trip to our heeles, and laying vs along on the ground. Saint Paul writing vnto the Ephesians, aduised them to shunne wine, because therein is luxury. And Saloman in his Prouerbs, among the imperfections of wine, saith; It is a deceiuer, and whosoeuer drinketh excessiuely thereof, cannot conceale a secret faithfully. Heereupon then arose the ancient Prouerbe; That wine walketh without any shooes; that is to say, It treadeth secretly, softly, and without any noyse, because no one should perceiue the power thereof, nor how it discouereth our secret and vicious qualities. To this purpose the Poet Æschylus saide: A Glasse or Mirrour maketh knowne the gestures of the body, and wine serueth as a Glasse to the soule and heart of a man. Plato likewise said: Wine principally laieth open the manner and conditions of euery man. We haue example thereof in Noah and Lot, for Noah being drunk with wine, discouered his parts of shame, whereby he became mocked and scorned. And against Lot, Sodome could haue no power; but wine ouercame him, and made him

to lye with his owne Daughters : these are the benefits ensuing by wine.

Among the Lawes which Solon (one of the seuen graue Sages of Greece) gaue to the Athenians; it was especially ordayned, that the Prince, when hee became drunke, should be slaine. Pittacus, another of those wise men, ordayned, that a drunken man committing any delict or great offence, should bee doubly punished : once for the facte it selfe, and next for drunkennesse, which caused him to do it.

Aristotle in his Problems, yeeldeth a reason, why such men as are ouer-much addicted to wine, are greatly disabled in the begetting of children : and likewise, why some drunkards are very pleasant in their drinke ; and others terrible, some sad and weeping, others iocund and dancing.

Neverthelesse, some Physitions (among whô are Auicene and Rasis) haue helde opinion, that it is a wholsome thing to be drunke sometimes: but the reasons which they giue in this case, doth not côtent me any way, neyther doe I allow of their opinion. And yet I must needes confesse, that very great personages haue beene subiected to wine : whereas on the contrary, if they had stood cleare and free from it, their glory and renowne had bin farre greater.

Alexander the Great, was as greatly taxed with this vice, so that (as diuers good Historians do affirme) being ouercome with this fury ; he slew one of his most intimate friends ; and comming (afterward) to acknowledgement of his fanlt, he would haue slaine himselfe. Beside, it is furthor alledged, that the cheefest cause of his murders and slaughters, was onely this poyson to all goodnesse.

Marke Anthony, who was one of the three cheefe Commanders in Rome, and married with the Sister to Octauius the Emperour : being addicted to wine, (and consequently) to lasciuiousnesse, with Cleopatra Queene of Egypt; lost at length both his state and life, and was vanquished by Octauius, because hee suffered himselfe to be conquered by wine. The Emperour Tiberius was defectiue in many things ; but in regard he was a great drinker, it was the sole cause of all his other imperfections : and whereas his name was Tiberius, as a nick-name, they wonld often call him Biberius, and his ende was miserable.

Dionysius the younger, a Tyrant of Sicily, was so extremely affected to wine; that it did eate his eyes, and made him to become starke blind. Cleomedes, King of

the Spartanes, would needs pursue and imitate the Scythians, in excessiue drinking of wine: but in the end, he became a foole, quite insensed, and without iudgement. It is saide, that the Philosopher Archesilaus died in notorious drunkennesse.

The Poet Anacreon was a very great drinker, and as he was drinking, he strangled or choaked himselfe, with the stone of a Grape or Raisin, which entered into his throate vnaduisedly.

Flauius the Bishop, an Historian of worthy credite, writeth, that the Emperor Bonosus was so addicted to wine, that Aurelianus said of him: Hee was not borne to liue, but to drinke. And heercin hee had an an admirable quality, for notwithstanding the immeasurable quantity of wine, which he dranke daily, yet hee was neuer drunke. I guesse that this ensued, by his continuall auoydance of vrine, which went from him as fast, as hee tooke in his wine. Neuerthelesse, his ende was answerable to his deseruing, for being vanquished by the Emperour Probus, he was hanged or strangled. It is recorded that King Antiochus, who was conquered by the Romanes, vsed to drink so much wine, that he slept the most part of his time. In regard whereof, he gaue the cheefest authority of his kingdomes gouernment, or two of his choysest fauourites, and because himselfe was addicted to banquets, and the amorous embracings of a young Gentlewoman: when he came to fight against the Romanes, his Army became broken, and vtterly vanquished. Atheneus writeth, that Aeschylus the Greeke Poet, would diuers times be drunk, whervpon Sophocles said vnto him. Aeschilus, those things which thou diuinest or writest, are done by chance, or at aduenture: and not by any knowledge remaining in thee, or that thou dost rightly vnderstand them.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Certaine aduises and enstructions, against such forward affection to Wine. And some reasons deliuered, why two things doe appeare to bee three, to such as bee drunke.

Some haue said (how certainely I knowe not) that there are diuers receits, wherby Wine, in how great a quantity soeuer it be taken and drunke, shall not procure those yerksome effects, which are related in the former Chapter.

Pliny and Solinus do both of them affime, that there is a blacke Stone, hauing Vermillion coullored veynes in it, and named Dionise, which hath such a property, as if it bee layde in water, it yeeldeth the perfect sauour and relish of wine; and whosoeuer drinketh of that water, euen

so much as himselfe pleaseth, shall neuer be drunke therewith. Physitions say, that if a man will preuent drunkenesse; he must first eate Honye, or some other sweete things: And hee that is drunke, must be vrged to vomite, and then giue him a morsell of bread steeped in Honye, which will immediately recouer him, because Honye hindereth all vapours from ascending vppe into the Head.

Drusus, Sonne to the Emperour Tiberius, had a Physition, who gaue him very admirable physick, to preserue him from being drunke, albeit he daily drank more wine then any other one man of his time: for he could outdrinke all commers, yet neuer be drunke, or bereft of his iudgment. But in the ende it was knowne, that (vsually) before he entred drinking, he would eate fiue or sixe bitter almonds, whose power and naturall property was such, as it impeached the wine from alienating his spirits. And experience thereof was afterward made, for when they abridged him from the means of eating bitter Almonds, and he vsing to drinke as formerly he did; he became as soon drunk as any other man. That these Almonds haue this peculiar property, Pliny affirmeth it, adding further; that eating a Raddish root before hard drinking, auoideth drunkenesse. He saith also, that Colewortes eaten before hand, keepeth a man from being distempered with wine: and being eaten after drunkennesse, they remoue instantly the distemperature, as Saffron also hath the selfe-same power. Ther are many other remedies for this imperfection, wherein I will be silent; speaking onely of one, recited by Pliny. He saith, that taking a quantity of wine, mingled with the eggs of a Chough, and, beeing drunke two or three mornings together, he that drinketh it, will hate wine in such sort, as he will neuer after drinke thereof. Heereto he addeth, that a Swallow being taken and burned to ashes, then beaten into powder and mingled with a little Myrrhe in the wine; whosoeuer receyueth a draught of this potion, shall neuer be drunke, for this was experimented by Horus, King of Assyria.

Aristotle, in the third part of his Problems, and Auicenne, in his sixt Booke of Beasts, do yeeld a reason, why in drunkennesse, when a man looketh vpon any one thing, it appeares to him as if it were two, and albeit they doe both produce diuers reasons, yet will I alledge but one from each of them. The first shall be Aristotles, who saith, that thorow excessiue heat of vapours in the

wine, ascending vp into the braine; the little nerues, called Optici nerui, which go on directly to the eyes, do worke and moove with such power, that the vsiall vertue, and the spirits of sight (altering in their motion) do cause whatsoeuer drunken men gaze on, to stirre very strongly and quicke; because the Organe of sight moueth it selfe in that manner, and maketh the common sense to receiue the Images of things, in a multiplyed quality to the eye. For such kinde of motion, maketh single things to seeme double, and because this motion is so sudden and insensible, it causeth two things to seem as one to the sight. As any man may easily make tryall of, by laying his finger vpon his eye-lid, and then remouing it thence, it will appeare to him, that it is the thing remoueth it selfe, which he beholdeth. Auicenne deliuereth another reason, saying: The vapours of wine, which ascend vp into the head of him that is drunke, are moist, and because the little nerues and muscles which reach to the eyes, doe engrosse or swell themselues by this humidity; so much more the one (then the other) doe thereby mount themselues, the one higher, and the other lower. From hence ensueth, that the visible rayes do not equally divide themselues foorth-right from both the eyes, neither by a direct or right line: which is the cause, that the Images of things visible, doe extend to eyther eye by themselues. In this respect only, things simple and single, appeare to be double, the commò sense receyuing and apprehending two images for one: and for the maintenance of this opinion, Auicenne yeeldeth the selfsame example as Aristotle did.

THE LIFE OF THE COMPANY,

A CHARACTER.

" ———— of most disastrous chances,
" Of moving accidents, by flood and field,
" Of hair-breadth 'scapes." SHAKSPEARE.

LIFE in general is a very uniform sort of thing. Few of us rise every morning to incidents, or go to bed upon denoüements: every four-and-twenty hours is not a drama, and there are not many in the world, who, like a popular actor, have to go through a different part every day. Some of the dearest words to mankind are *habit*, *custom*; and where there is one man who loves to be always in a bustle of variety, there are thousands who cannot exist without their evening's pipe, or rest any where but in

their own bed: most of our family circles, like the *Vicar of Wakefield's*, "have no revolutions to fear, or fatigues to undergo; all their adventures are by the fire-side, and all their migrations from the blue bed to the brown."

There are, however, some individuals, who have such a turn for meeting with adventures, that one might be almost persuaded the world was any thing one day, but what it is another. They come home and tell us of a most unusual crowd in the streets to-day; of the vast quantity of bakers they met; how many pick-pockets they just caught with their hands in their own or another gentleman's pocket; that *just* as they were turning the corner of Bridge-street, they blundered against some procession or another, *just* where of all places in the world it could be seen best; that a very beautiful young lady had like to have slipped off the curb-stone, if they had not come up *just* in time to catch her; and, if ever a public character dies, they are always sure *just* to run their noses against his funeral procession. You are quite grieved that so much might be seen *just* for walking out, and positively determine to throw off your morning gown and your morning studies some day, and put yourself in the way of adventures. You accordingly walk with all your eyes about you, and are quite surprised to find the streets in no more bustle than they always are; and you finish a tedious round, without so much as being able to help one lady over the kennel, or to witness any other sight than that of the Bank-guard. In the mean time your adventurous friend, in the course that he took, shall have met twenty-three people he bowed to, nine he spoke to, and three he had long chats with, while you could not relieve your weariness by recognizing a single face, and spoke only five words the whole walk, and they were to a man who asked the way to a place you were under the necessity of saying you did not know. The next time you walk out, it is with your friend himself; "Now," says he, as he pulls the door after him, and looks at the clouds, "now we shall see: but I'm half afraid the aspect of the heavens will frighten the ladies into staying at home to-day." You have not proceeded far, before he observes that the streets are unusually dull, and that there are scarcely any women stirring. You finish your walk without a single adventure, and your friend calls the next morning to tell you he can account for the emptiness of the streets yesterday; for *just* as he had left you, what should he

meet but the whole brigade of foot-guards, marching in the finest style from a grand review, at which all London had been present. You are mortified beyond measure, and would have given anything to have seen them pass. So would your friend; for, if he compasses his ends by such means as Mr. Allseer, he only heard of the review.

Mr. Allseer is just one of these ubiquitous gentlemen. If there is ever any thing to be seen, he always contrives to be luckily going that way. There is not a disturbance at the theatre, at which he is not present, nor a house on fire, by which he is not just passing; and it is always, as he would persuade you, by the greatest chance in the world; for he does not go to the play three times in a season, and there is nothing he hates so much as a crowd of people. But the truth is, Mr. Allseer is on the look-out for adventures all the day long: he is no unconstant attendant at the theatres, in one or two of which he is, to my knowledge, free behind the scenes; and the actors never fail to tell him when it is likely there will be a *row*. As to his omnipresence at fires, it is whispered that he keeps the firemen in pay to call and give him notice of them, in their way there; and a friend of mine tells me, that, when the porters of the several hospitals take their rounds to apprize the pupils of the arrival of an accident, he is regularly included in the summonses; and that here he learns the particulars of what he tells his friends he witnesses with his own eyes.

By these means it is, that Mr. Allseer puts himself in possession of the budget of news, which he has constantly at his command. The ladies get him into a corner, and listen to him by the hour together; and it is universally allowed that no man sees so much of the world as Mr. Allseer. His arrival at the dinner-tables he frequents is looked forward to like the coming-in of the post; and when he happens to disappoint a party, it is little less dull than a country-town on the blank post-day. If ever a fracas is canvassed before his arrival, nobody will venture to speak positively, as to the facts; for "Mr. Allseer will be here presently, and he no doubt was there." Mr. Allseer comes; tells what he knows; and invents where he is uninformed: every body is attentive: Mr. Allseer's morning's adventures occupy nearly the whole time the ladies are present at the dinner-table; and when they withdraw, wisdom and wit may enter if they please; for it is ten to one that Mr. Allseer goes out. [*To be continued.*]

ON

THE ART OF PARRYING CHARITABLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

ADVICE FROM A FATHER TO A SON.

[From Dodsley's Annual Register for 1760.]

DEAR SON, —— *Street, Jan.* 9.

THE weakness of my feet since the last fit still remaining, so that I cannot visit you, I continue writing, not only as it is an amusement to myself, but may be of more lasting service to you than verbal advice occasionally given.

In my three last, I gave you all the precepts that occurred to me, relative to *getting*. I shall now proceed to the topic of *saving*. And as the mad extravagance of the present age is *charity*, and you must meet with frequent temptations, and earnest solicitations to squander your money in that way, I shall, in the first place, give you some instructions in the *art of parrying a charitable subscription*.

The want of this necessary art has been a great misfortune to many people I could name to you. For besides their parting with their money against their will, they got the *character* of being charitable, which drew upon them fresh applications from other quarters, multiplying by success, and creating endless vexation. And here I cannot help remarking the wisdom of that precept of our holy religion, which requires, that *if we do give alms*, we should do it *secretly;* so secretly that even *the left hand may not know what is done by the right:* that no one may be encouraged to ask for more. And this is so agreeable to sound human prudence, that even the unenlightened heathens could say, *bis dat qui cito dat;* the English of which, as I am informed, is, *he gives twice that gives readily;* meaning, as I suppose, that if you are known to give readily, you will soon be asked to give again.

Not that I would have you thought quite uncharitable neither, no more than I would have you thought poor and not able to give. The avoiding of these imputations, while at the same time you save your money, is the aim of the art I am about to instruct you in.

The first rule of this art is, *like the charity, but dislike the mode of it.* Suppose now, for instance, that you are asked to subscribe towards erecting an infirmary or new hospital; you are not immediately to refuse your contribution: nor is it necessary, for you may say, 'The

design seems a good one, but it is new to you, and you would willingly take a little time to consider of it; because, if you do any thing in this way, you would like to do something handsome.' This puts by the demand for the present: and before the solicitors call again, inform yourself of all circumstances of the intended situation, constitution, government, qualification of patients, and the like; then when all is fixed, if you learn that it is to be placed in the fields, 'You think it would have been much better in the city, or nearer to the poor, and more at hand to relieve them in case of accidents and other distresses; and besides we have already hospitals enough in the fields.' If in the city, 'You can only approve of the fields on account of the purer air, so necessary for the sick.' If they propose to take in all poor patients, from whatever quarter they come, 'You think it too general, and that every county, at least, ought to take care of its own.' If it is limited to the poor of the city or county, 'You disapprove of its narrowness; for charity and benevolence, like rain and sunshine, should be extended to all the human race.' While the collectors are endeavouring to remove these prejudices, you ply them with other objections of the like kind, relating to the constitution and management; and it is odds but some of your arguments appear strong and unanswerable, even to the advocates for the project themselves; they will be sorry that things are now settled in a different way, and leave you with a high opinion of your understanding, though they get none of your money.

The second rule is *to like some other charity better.* Thus if they come to you for a contribution to the *Magdalen-house,* 'You approve rather of the *Asylum,* it being much easier in your opinion to prevent vice than to cure it.' If they apply for the *Asylum,* then, "What money you can spare for such purposes, you intend for the *Magdalen-house;* the very name reminding you, that the conversion of prostitutes is a good and practicable work; but the necessity or utility of the *Asylum* does not appear so clear to you.'—Again, suppose your subscription asked to the *Lying-in-hospital;* then 'You should like one that would be more on an extensive plan, and take in single as well as married women; for very worthy young persons may unfortunately need the convenience of such an Hospital, and the saving a character you look upon to be almost as meritorious as the saving

of a life:' But if such a general Hospital be proposed, then you 'approve highly of the *married women's Hospital,* and doubt whether a general one would not rather be an encouragement to lewdness and debauchery.' One instance more will be sufficient on this head. Suppose they urge you for a subscription to clothe the poor *French prisoners;* you are then to say, that, 'Charity to be sure is a good thing, but *charity begins at home;* we have, beside our own common poor, who are crying for bread in the streets, many modest housekeepers and families pining for want, who, you think, should first be provided for before we give our substance to those that would cut our throats.' Or, 'You are of opinion the brave fellows that fight for us, and are now exposed to the hardships of a winter campaign, should be first comforted; or the widows and children of those who have died in our service be taken care of.' But should a subscription be proposed to you for these purposes, 'You are then of opinion that the care of our own people is the business and duty of the Government, which is enabled, by the taxes we pay, to do all that is necessary; but the poor *French* prisoners, deserted by their prince and country, have only our charity to rely on; common humanity points them out as proper objects of beneficence; and besides, to visit the prisoner, to clothe the naked, be kind to the stranger, and do good to our enemies, are duties among the strongest required by Christianity.'

The third rule is, *to insinuate* (but without saying it in plain terms) *that you either will contribute, or have already contributed handsomely, though you do not subscribe.* This is done by intimating 'That you highly approve of the thing, but have made a resolution that your name shall never appear in a list of subscribers on such occasions; for that the world, you find, is apt to be very censorious; and if they see that a man has not given according to their ideas of his ability, and the importance of the occasion, they say he is mean and niggardly; or if by giving liberally he seems to have set them an example they do not care to follow, then they charge him with vanity and ostentation, and hint, that from motives of that kind he does much more than is suitable to his circumstances.' And then you add, that 'your *subscribing* or openly giving is not at all necessary; for that as bankers are nominated to receive contributions, and many have already sent in their mites,

and any one may send in what they please, you suppose a few guineas from a person unknown would do as much good as if his name was in the list." This will entitle you to the credit of any one of the sums *by an unknown hand*, or *by N. N.* or *X. Y. Y.* whichsoever they may think fit to ascribe to you.

The reason why I would not have you say, in plain terms, that you *have given*, or *will give*, when you really *have not*, or *do not intend it*, is, that I would have you incur trespasses no more than debts, unnecessarily, and be as frugal of your sins as of your money; for you may have occasion for a lie in some other affair, at some other time, when you cannot serve your turn by an evasion.

Thus, my son, would I have you exercise the great privilege you are endowed with, that of being a *reasonable creature;* to wit, a creature capable of finding or making a reason for doing or not doing any thing, as may best suit its interest or its inclinations.

And so, referring other instructions to future letters, I recommend the rules contained in this, as worthy your closest attention; for they are not the airy speculations of a theorist, but solid advices drawn from the practice of wise and able men. Rules by the help of which, I myself, though I lived many years in great business, and with some reputation as a man of wealth, have ever decently avoided parting with a farthing to those modish plunderers; nor can I recollect, that, during my whole life, I have ever given any thing in charity, except once, (God forgive me!) a halfpenny to a blind man——for doing me an errand.

I am, my dear Son,
Your affectionate Father,
GRIPUS.

THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK.

No. I.

MOTTO ON THE LIVERY OF CHARLES BRANDON, HUSBAND OF HENRY VIII'S SISTER.

"Cloth of Gold, do not despise
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frize;
Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

GOLDSMITH AND BERTAUT.

Goldsmith's little poem, beginning "Memory, thou fond Deceiver," may have been formed upon the following, by Bertaut, an old French poet.

"Felicité passée,
Qui ne peut revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ai-je, en te pendant, perdu le souvenir?
Helas, il me reste
De mes contentemens,
Qu'un souvenir funeste,
Qui me les convertit, à toute heure, *en tourmens!*"

SWIFT'S HUMOUR NOT ORIGINAL.

The style of Swift's Directions to Servants may be found in Decker's Gul's Hornebooke, 1609, c. 9. The writer is telling a Gull how to act the coxcomb at the theatre, where at this period the beaux of the day had seats on the stage; and he gives them this authority for enticing the under-actors from their duty, just as our smarts at the Opera attract the attention of the *figurantes:* "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you; *the mimicks* (players) *are beholden to you, for allowing them elbow-room.*"

MONUMENTAL BULL.

We do not think that the following rather contradictory conclusion of the inscription on the monument of the Duchess of Newcastle, in Westminster Abbey, has been before noticed; "she *never parted* from her husband in his *solitary* moments." This is a new *nunquam minus solus quam cùm solus.* The composer of the inscription might however have pleaded classical authority for his bull, although, in Tibullus, the idea rises into a beautiful figure of speech. That poet has these words, speaking of his mistress:—

"————tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in *solis* tu mihi turba locis."
Lib. iv. Carm. 13.

SOLITUDE IN OLD-STREET.

It is said of Samuel Daniel, the Elizabethan Poet, that "he often went to his Gardens in Old-street, *near* London, and indulged in solitude for many months."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Remarks, critical, conjectural, and explanatory, upon the Plays of Shakspeare; resulting from a Collation of the early Copies with that of Johnson and Steevens, edited by Isaac Reed, Esq. together with some valuable Extracts from MSS. of the late Right Honourable John, Lord Chedworth. *By E. H. Seymour.* 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 480 and 436. London, Lackington and Co. 1805.

Notes upon some of the obscure Passages in Shakspeare's Plays; with Remarks upon the Explanations and Amendments of the Commentators in the Editions of 1785, 1790, 1793. *By the late Right Hon. John, Lord Chedworth.* 8vo. pp. 375. London. Not published. 1805.

Comments on the Commentators on Shakspeare. With preliminary Observations on his Genius and Writings; and on the Labours of those who have endeavoured to elucidate them. *By Henry James Pye.* 8vo. pp. 342. London. Tipper and Richards. 1807.

Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of Ancient Manners, with Dissertations on the Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare; on the Collection of Popular Tales, entitled Gesta Romanorum; and on the English Morris Dance. *By Francis Douce.* 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 526 and 500. Longman and Co. 1807.

When it is considered that the last Edition of Shakspeare has worked up thirty-five plays, any one of which may be bought in a sixpenny pamphlet, into twenty-one sizeable octavo volumes, and that one of those volumes contains a list of no less than eighty-one Shakspeare-books, as they are called, it is not to be wondered that there are persons who are found ridiculing the pretensions of verbal and antiquarian critics, and deprecating every attempt to add to their number. The pages of our Steevenses and our Malones present us with no unapt emblem of a comet: we see a small luminary of text at the top of them, and a long tail of annotation dwindling down to the bottom. Although we are far from agreeing with the "eminent critic," whom one of the authors before us quotes, that "if every line of Shakspeare's plays were accompanied with a comment, every intelligent reader would be indebted to the industry of him who procured it*," yet we are equally far from entirely discarding judicious comments either on Shak-

* Douce's Illustrations, p. xi. vol. 1.

speare, or any other writer, whose familiarities have been obscured by the same time that has given new lustre to his sublimities. We know of no literary law, which binds the "intelligent reader" to stand "indebted to the industry of him who procures a comment," merely because it is a comment: on the contrary, we think a comment a decided evil when it is not a positive good. "The practice and *also* the necessity of explaining the writings of Shakspeare*," begins the Preface to one of the works before us, as if the *practice* of writing notes on Shakspeare should be very thankfully tolerated, whether there were any *necessity* for those notes or not, and as if the former were by no means required to be founded on the latter.

That Shakspearian and indeed all other commentatorship has been greatly abused, admits of not the least doubt; and it is this abuse which has brought verbal criticism into such low estimation. "These are the things," we recollect to have heard a disciple of Hume exclaim, as he placed his hand upon the huge folios of the Scripture Commentators, "these are the things that contributed to make me a Deist." And it is with much the same kind of reasoning that many readers of Shakspeare make a point of never looking at a single note upon his text. It is often too true that a verbal commentator, when he sits down to exercise his craft, does not so much consider whether he can explain such and such a word, as whether he has any thing to say upon the subject: his object is to write a note rather than an interpretation; not that if he can by any accident give us a proper clue to the meaning of the word, he rejects that small recommendation to his note, but he is upon the whole very well contented if he sees his name in small capitals to something with a quotation from *When you see me, you know me*, or an unique copy of the first edition of an old black-letter romance, "in my possession." But the boundaries of true annotation are easily marked: in the case of Shakspeare, we conceive that unless a comment either familiarizes what is local or technical, hazards a rational and ingenious conjecture upon an unintelligible passage, refines a harsh inversion, points out a very striking parallel passage, or offers a criticism which is worth stopping to read, it is worse than useless, it abuses the taste of annotation, and brings both

* Douce's Illustrations, p. v. vol. 1.

the bad and the good into the same hasty contempt. We are now to inquire how much of this is "overdone," and how much "come tardy off," by the volumes whose titles we have transcribed at the head of these remarks, and which are all the works on Shakspeare that have appeared since the last variorum edition by Mr. Reed in 1803.

The first in order of date of the works before us is the production of a respectable provincial actor, whom from his learning and taste in commenting on Shakspeare we cannot help wishing to see act him. Mr. Seymour's Remarks consist chiefly of attempts to reduce every line of Shakspeare into melodious verse; and in following up the principle he proposes to himself, that "whenever we find a passage of general excellence and beauty disfigured by an uncouth line, or a line itself decrepid or unwieldy, we may reasonably conclude it is the effect of either unfaithful recitation or hasty transcription*," it cannot be denied that he takes more liberties with his author's text than becomes an Editor who is anxious to give the world as nearly as possible what his author wrote. We do not mean to dispute that Shakspeare was a melodious versifier: we know that the poems he himself published are perfectly metrical; we know that Ben Jonson called his lines in general "well-toned and true-filed;" and we know also that almost all his contemporary eulogiasts represent him as "silver" and "honey-tongued:" neither do we mean to dispute that the ignorance of players and copyists must have injured his metre as much as a bad performer will put out of tune a perfect musical instrument: but emendation is always a hazardous task; what the critic adds to a verse must be Seymour, and what he takes away may be Shakspeare. No two polishers of Shakspeare's verse would agree in their results; and with the allowance of this liberty to an Editor of Shakspeare, if it ever should happen that the original quartos and folios were destroyed, we should have so many Shakspeares, that we should have none; and that world where Shakspeare's works were not to be found, to which we think it was Mr. Boswell who expressed such a horror of going, would be the very globe on which Shakspeare himself was born.

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* Seymour's Remarks, p. 6, vol. 1.

Another great object of Mr. Seymour's Remarks is to correct in a future edition the many solecisms in grammar which our present Shakspeares contain. To this license in an editor we should be more inclined to consent than to the other; but even here we should be sorry to cause such pitiless inversions as Mr. Seymour's grammatical accuracy sometimes occasions: neither should we be so anxious as he is to change all Shakspeare's "*had* rathers" to "*would* rathers;" "*had* rather," however incorrect, has been used by almost every dramatist from Shakspeare's time to the present.

What Mr. Seymour has to say upon other subjects than the metre and grammar of Shakspeare is generally very well worth hearing, although when his remarks apply to more passages than one he is sure to repeat them with great caution in every place, and when one passage illustrates another to give us the mutual illustration by a reciprocal note, and although his attempts at vivacity of annotation generally fall into those very plays upon words for which he abuses poor Shakspeare. Mr. Seymour has a tolerable store of old English reading, and is a good classical scholar; and these accomplishments are brought to bear upon Shakspeare with considerable acuteness and utility. Such of Lord Chedworth's notes as are given in Mr. Seymour's volumes will be likewise found in the second work which this article purposes to review, so that our opinion of them will be more regularly affixed hereafter; and the few notes, with which Mr. Seymour's volumes are furnished by Mr. Benjamin Strutt, of Colchester, and Mr. Capel Lofft, are not of sufficient importance to obtain a separate notice. We therefore proceed to select such of Mr. Seymour's "critical, conjectural, and explanatory" notes, as we had, in our perusal of his work, particularly marked for observation; and this selection will at the same time furnish a fair specimen of the contents of the whole book.

"*Tempest*, Act 3, Scene 1.

"——— *Created*

"*Of every creature's best.*"

"I perceive no reason to dissent from Dr. Johnson's conjecture that this is an allusion to the picture of Venus, by Apelles. *Creature* is still used in Ireland, absolutely without an epithet, as a term of endearment for a woman."

We thought it was for *whiskey*.

" *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 1, Scene 1.

" ——— *Give me not the boots.*"

" Boot or boots signifies, in language very commonly understood, something in barter, superadded to the principal article—this is called *boot* or *boots*. Proteus says—nay, give me not the boots—no, replies Valentine, for it boots thee not, i. e. it is of no advantage to thee.

Mr. Douce will bye and bye explain this passage much more satisfactorily than this.

" *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3, Scene 3.

" *I should know the man*
" *By the Athenian garments he had on.*"

" By this rhyme, which is a repetition of what occurred before in the second Act, it would seem that man, in the time of our poet, was uttered with the broad sound, which at this day it retains in Scotland, mon."

This remark is made by Steevens, at the rhyme's former occurrence.

" *Ibid.* Act 5, Scene 1.

" *I would be loth to have you overblown with a honey-bag, signior.*"

" Mr. Malone observes that this should be overflow'd, and, surely, he is right, notwithstanding the authority which Mr. Steevens would bring from Johnson's Dictionary to support the text: *flown* is the participle passive of *to fly*; *flow'd* of *to flow*; and so of the compounds, *overfly*, *overflow*."

Mr. Malone and Mr. Seymour are correct: we are surprised the latter, familiar as he is upon other occasions with Lowth, did not quote the following observations of the grammarian upon similar inaccuracies in Bentley and Swift.

" Do not the Nile and the Niger make yearly inundations in our days, as they have formerly done? and are not the countries so *overflown* still situate between the tropicts?" BENTLEY.

" Thus oft by mariners are shown,
Earl Godwin's castles *overflown!* SWIFT.

" Here the participle of the irregular verb *to fly* is confounded with that of the regular verb *to flow*. It ought to be, in both these places, *overflowed*." LOWTH.

Lord Chedworth's volume has the following note on this passage.

" Vide Newton's note on P. L. b. i. 502. Swift has the same mistake."

" *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 4, Scene 5.

——— " *I may not conceal them, Sir.*
" *Falst.---Conceal them, or thou diest.*"

"Mr. Steevens tells us, that, in both these instances, it is Dr. Farmer's opinion that we should read *reveal:* but is there not more humour in Falstaff's accepting the mistaken word, and repeating it in its perverted sense?"

We quote this note, only because we think the acceptation peculiarly happy.

"*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Scene 2.

"*That will allow me very worth his service.*"

"To allow, says Mr. Steevens, is *to approve*, but it is rather to rate, to estimate, whether favourably or otherwise. To mark the character of quality, as in Othello---

"His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
"Of very expert and approv'd allowance."

And in Hamlet---

"The censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

"If Mr. Steevens's explanation of *allowance* were admitted, the passage from Othello might be read "of very expert and *approv'd approvance*," and that from Hamlet, "the *censure* of which one must in your *approbation*," &c. the absurdity of which would be evident.

Mr. Seymour is undoubtedly right. It must be in this sense that the word is often used in the old entries on the Stationers' Registers; "Yf he get good *allowance* for the Enterlude," &c.

"*Ibid. Scene 4.*

"——— *I have unclasp'd*
"*To thee the book, even of my secret soul.*"

"Thus in King Henry IV. part 1 :---

"And now I will unclasp a secret book."

This had been before pointed out by Steevens.

"*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 3, Scene 4.

"*For an H.*, &c.

"It would appear, from this passage, and Haywood's epigram on letter H, quoted by Mr. Steevens, that *ache*, which we now pronounce *ake*, had formerly the sound which is still retained in the plural of that word---*aches*."

If this observation would imply that the word *aches* is now pronounced *aitshes*, what countryman is Mr. Seymour? He can have heard nobody make use of the word in all his life, but Mr. Kemble.

"*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Scene 1.

"——— *'Tis very pregnant.*"

"*Pregnant* is *replete with conviction, full of clear argument*, as in the first scene of this play:

"——— The terms
"For common justice you are as pregnant in---"

"i. e. as complete and expert in the knowledge of, &c."

The meanings, in which the word *pregnant* is used in these two passages, are, by Mr. Seymour's explanations, different. Dr. Johnson explains " 'tis very pregnant," *'tis very plain;* and though, like him, we can give no authority for that meaning, yet we have no doubt of its truth. Mr. Seymour's attempts to identify the significations of the word in these two passages are not successful, and would have been useless if they had been.

" *Ibid.* Scene 4.

" *When I would pray and think, I think and pray*
To several subjects; Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel."

" The word *empty* should be ejected from the second of these lines: the King, in Hamlet, is in a similar predicament with Angelo:

" My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go!"

This resemblance had been before adduced by the Rt. Hon. Monck Mason. Mr. Seymour might have found a more exact imitation of Angelo's idea in Pope's Eloisa to Abelard:—

" Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you—"
" Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear," &c.

" *Ibid.* Act 3, Scene 1.

" *Cold obstruction.*"

" *i. e.* I suppose, the state of the body when the circulation of the vital fluids is stopped."

And *i. e.* we suppose, the more natural meaning of the words, *a close, cold grave.* The horror Mr. Seymour supposes is afterwards particularized:

" This sensible, warm motion, to become
A kneaded clod."

" *As you Like It*, Act 1, Scene 1.

" *What prodigal portion have I spent?*" " This certainly should be *what prodigal's portion.*"

No; it is a substantive used adjectively.

" *King Richard II.* Act 5, Scene 5.

" *With much ado at length have gotten leave*
To look upon my sometime master's face."

" We might relieve this last line from its excess:

" With much ado at length got leave to look
" Upon my sometime royal master's face."

There is no excess, as the line stands in Reed's Shakspeare, and as Mr. Seymour has quoted it here. The old quarto, to which he must allude, has "royal."

"*First Part of King Henry IV.* Act 3, Scene 3.

"O, I could wish this tavern were my drum."

"Falstaff is now going out with a recruiting commission, and the inn where the officer is quartered is called, I believe, the Drum-head, and perhaps, emphatically, the "Drum:" if so, Falstaff only wishes that he could carry this tavern along with him."

This conjecture appears to us very improbable. Falstaff is going to battle, as well as to recruit, and it is to this that he has the greater aversion. So that he had a tavern at all, or a Drum-head, we believe he would care very little whether it was the Boar's Head or not. The drum is the rallying-point of a regiment; and we do not think Falstaff would have desired any better than to rally round "this tavern."

"*Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act 2, Scene 3.

"——— He was indeed the glass
"Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

"And again:

"In speech, in gait, in diet, and affections,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others."—

"The same figure occurs in Hamlet:

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers."

Sir Henry Sydney says of his son, Sir Philip; "He is a rare ornament of his age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by."

"*Ibid.* Scene 4.

"Thou little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig."

""Tidy," says Mr. Reed, "means only *fat*;" but in this place it would better mean *lean*, or, indeed, any thing else than fat, as Tearsheet's language is evidently irony. Tidy is at this day, in Yorkshire and in Ireland, a current word for *neat*, *compact*, *succinct*; it also implies *minute cleanliness*."

This *Irish and Yorkshire* currency will not, we believe, be subject to any very troublesome exchange in any part of England or Scotland.

"*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Scene 3.

"——— Made a toast for Neptune."

"How" a toast "is to be made by immersion in the water, or drowning, I cannot conceive, and wish some of the commentators had instructed us."

As a sop generally implies a toast, why may not "a toast" here be put for a sop?

"*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2. Scene 1.

"————I have took."

"The *familiarity* of this false expression, for *I have ta'en* or *I have taken*, should not protect it from condemnation."

Mr. Seymour would say "the *vulgarity*."

Mr. Seymour has, as it might be supposed he would be led to do by his profession, advanced some ingenious observations on the stage representation of Shakspeare: we are particularly pleased with his idea of speaking Macbeth's soliloquy, "Is this a dagger?" with exultation rather than with apprehension, and with the elegant manner in which he proposes Hamlet and Laertes to "change rapiers;" we very much like too his friend Mr. Strutt's suggestion, that the figure of Banquo should not "come" and "depart like" one of the "shadows" in Macbeth, but should stand forward as a real ghost, "and point at them for this." We cannot agree, however, with Mr. Seymour, that the interruptions to Macbeth's "solemn supper" are effected by "two ghosts," the first being that of the King, and only the second that of Banquo. It is no argument to say that as Macbeth's wife did not know of Banquo's death she must have thought it was the King to whom Macbeth alluded, when he said, "As I stand here, I saw him." Lady Macbeth thought it was nothing but "the very painting of his fear," some such reality as "the air-drawn dagger." Mr. Seymour, in examining Mr. Lloyd's proposition, that Banquo's ghost should be invisible to the audience, says "there can hardly be a serious doubt that the poet designed the real introduction of the spectre;" and in this opinion we are inclined to agree: the players, contemporary with Shakspeare, who edited the first folio of his works, must be supposed to have known better than we what was Shakspeare's design, and how the design was embodied at his theatre; and they have positively printed, not only "*Enter* Ghost," but (and this will serve for a refutation of Mr. Seymour's idea of two Ghosts) at the first entry "Enter *the Ghost of Banquo*, and sits in Macbeth's place;" and at the second entry, "Enter *Ghost*." Mr. Seymour should not esteem

so lightly "the authority of Messrs. Heminge and Condell," his brother-actors, as to stage-directions: they undoubtedly marked these as the plays had been usually acted; and they were usually acted under Shakspeare's directions: the inference is, therefore, that they marked them as Shakspeare intended them to be acted. The argument of propriety is, in our opinion, always greatly with the custom of the stage: the manner of acting plays is handed down as regularly as the dresses in which they are acted. Downes, in his Roscius Anglicanus, mentions more than one instance where Shakspeare had lineally transmitted his ideas of his characters to the actors of Downes's time; and there is abundant proof that Shakspeare did actually instruct his companions in the performance of his plays. It has always been the custom on the stage that Banquo's Ghost should be visible, and it is quite as reasonably made so as Hamlet's Ghost. For any thing that appears, Shakspeare had but one idea of a ghost; and the circumstance that Hamlet's Ghost speaks while Banquo's is silent was merely the result of the poet's choice, and was by no means intended to mark a distinction between the spirits. It will be recollected too that Hamlet's Ghost, upon his first appearance, is mute; and that, upon his last, he is visible only to Hamlet. We have no doubt that Shakspeare himself authorised the appearance of both; and we should be sorry to see them laid, either on the shelf or in the Red Sea. It was not till Garrick's time, we shall be told, that a dagger was prevented from dangling before the eyes of the audience by a wire, while Macbeth spoke his celebrated soliloquy: and was this, it will be asked, authorised by Shakspeare? We are of opinion that it was; and could it be represented to the audience now, without any wire-dancing, we think it would have the effect of transferring the audience into the very soul of the character more than any device that could be imagined, and would proportionably heighten their delight at the performance. Shakspeare's times were rude; and they could very easily overlook a dangling wire who could fancy a green blanket a grove: as for Shakspeare himself, he knew his properties were the best he could get, and his object was to please others rather than himself. Now-a-days we are grown more fastidious, and if Mahomet's miracle cannot be wrought to suspend the dagger, it had better be fancied. What we have hazarded

upon the subject of an adherence to the custom of the stage, as the best criterion of an author's intentions, must not be taken to preclude any improvement in scenes and dresses which the progress of art may effect. Costume was in its infancy in Shakspeare's time, and scene-painting unborn: it must be supposed that could he have commanded these he would have employed them: we are therefore authorised to dress the play of Macbeth in Scottish attire, and to perform it with shifting scenes; but we had better give the Ghost of Banquo that free stage-ingress and egress to which custom has entitled him.

The Notes on Shakspeare, by Lord Chedworth, are posthumously published, and seem to be little better than the marginal remarks in the variorum Shakspeare of a man of education and taste. They very often consist of nothing more than "I think Mr. Steevens is right," "I agree with Mr. Malone;" and they not unfrequently quote the annotations of other authors, whose notes have been overlooked by the variorum editors, particularly those contained in such well-known books as Gibbon's History, Davies's Miscellanies, and Heron's Letters on Literature. Such of Lord Chedworth's remarks, however, as do not simply confirm or deny the opinions of his predecessors, display considerable reading, if it be not of that antiquarian kind which is usually brought to the illustration of Shakspeare. Parallel passages from the classics appear to have been Lord Chedworth's favourite comments on Shakspeare; and it must be confessed that his Lordship has applied his scholarship with much judgment and utility. The original notes, however, of Lord Chedworth's volume, bear so small a proportion to the bulk of it, that we shall try if we cannot give our readers every valuable comment it contains, that has not been already published by Mr. Seymour, a task upon which we enter with the greater satisfaction, as Lord Chedworth's book was privately printed, and as there were not, we are told, more than one hundred copies of it thrown off. If any observations occur to us upon these notes individually, we shall make them as we proceed.

"*The Tempest.*"

"Dr. Farmer remarks that Ben Jonson, in the original Every Man in his Humour, had taught Shakspeare the true pronunciation of *Stephano*, which is always right in the Tempest, and always wrong in his earlier play, the Merchant of Venice. and this is

urged as a proof of Shakspeare's want of learning. My opinion on that point is the same, or nearly so, with that which Mr. Colman has delivered in his Terence. The argument from Shakspeare's making false quantities in his names, I think proves nothing: he thought himself (as other poets have done) at liberty to make a syllable long, or short, as it suited him. Thus we have Posthŭmus, and Posthūmus; Arvirăgus, and Arvirāgus. He makes the penult of Barabbas (a word which he doubtless had frequently heard pronounced) short, omitting one of the *b*'s, and writing Barabas. But a similar liberty has been taken by writers who certainly had a competent share of literature. Dryden has Cleomēnes; and Fenton, in Mariamne, Salŏme throughout the play. Other similar instances might easily be produced. Hughes, in the Siege of Damascus, calls one of his characters Eumēnes."

"*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

"I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so:"

"Did not Shakspeare mean to make Launce blunder and confuse himself?"

"*Speed.* Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
"*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath."

"I cannot think that *she has a sweet mouth* means she sings sweetly. Dr. Johnson's explanation seems to me right. Speed is now got to the catalogue of vices, and a sweet mouth is one of them; but Launce, for the sake of the quibble, takes it in another sense, and opposes it as a good quality to *sour breath*."

"*The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

"*Shallow.—Sir* Hugh, persuade me not."

"It is so likewise in the University of Oxford."

"*Measure for Measure.*

"*Lucio.* ——and he is a motion *generative* that's infallible."

"I think we should read *ungenerative*, which, I conceive, is confirmed by Lucio's afterward's calling the Duke this ungenitured agent."

"*The Comedy of Errors.*

"So thou, who hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
"With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
"But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
"This *fool-begg'd patience* in thee will be left."

"In Congreve's Way of the World, on Witwoud's asking what he should do with the fool, (his brother,) Petulant replies. "Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards, and so have but one trouble with you both."

"*Lucio.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

"*Dromio of Ephesus.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce *understand* them."

" This poor quibble is used by Milton in Belial's speech, P. L. B. vi. 621 et seq."

" Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
" Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine."
" Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas *maritat* populos." HOR. Ep. 2."
" Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
" Being *compact of credit*, that you love us."

" So in As you Like It.

" If he *compact of jars* grow musical
" We shall have shortly discord in the spheres."

" *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

" *Theseus.* Go, one of you, find out the forester ;
" For now our observation is perform'd."

" Dr. Farmer seems to have forgotten that the action of the Winter's Tale is extended to more than sixteen years."

" *Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,
" And the wolf *behowls* the moon ;
" Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
" All with weary task foredone."

" This reminds me of a passage in Lee's Theodosius.

" Lean *wolves* forget to *howl* at night's pale noon :
" No wakeful dogs bark *at the* silent *moon*."

" *As you Like It.*

" ——— The sixth age shifts
" Into the lean and slipper'd *pantaloon*."

" In the Taming of the Shrew, Lucentio translates *celsasenis*, that we might beguile the old *pantaloon*."

" *The Taming of the Shrew.*

" *Sly.*—Sim, when will the fool come again ?"

" Sly, having never seen a play, could hardly expect a character that had not been introduced ; I cannot therefore agree with Dr. Johnson in thinking that the word *again* should be omitted."

" *Petruchio.*—Soud, soud, soud, soud."

" May not *soud* be a corruption of *chaud.* Ignoramus, when heated, exclaims, *O chaud, chaud, precor Deum non meltavi meum pingue*."

" *The Winter's Tale.*"

" *Leontes.*—How she holds up the neb, the bill to him,
" And arms her with the boldness of a wife
" To her *allowing* husband."

" I cannot think that *allowing* here means *approving*. Every word Leontes utters shews he does not approve Hermione's conduct. *Allowing* means the same as he before expresses by *giving line*, permitting unrestrained conversation between Polixenes and Hermione."

" *Polixenes.*— ——— Camillo,
" As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto
" Clerklike, experienced, which no less adorns

" Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
" In whose *success* we are gentle."

" *Success* here means *succession*."

" *Macbeth.*

" *Soldier.*—The merciless Macdonwald,
" (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
" The multiplying villainies of nature
" Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
" Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
" And fortune, on his damned *quarrel* smiling,
" Shew'd like a rebel's whore."

" I cannot help entertaining a doubt whether Dr. Johnson's substitution of *quarrel* for the old reading *quarry* be right. *Quarry* seems sometimes to have a different meaning from that which the commentators have assigned it. I am not quite satisfied with the explanation given of it in the note on the following passage, in the fourth act of this play, where Rosse, having informed Macduff of the murder of his wife and children, adds,

——— " to relate the manner,
" Were on the *quarry* of these murder'd deer,
" To add the death of you."

" Mr. Steevens tell us that *quarry* " means the game after it is killed." I think that does not make very good sense in this place. May not *quarry* be used licentiously by Shakspeare, for *sport*?"

" *Macbeth.* ——— Or be alive again,
" And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
" If trembling I *inhibit thee*, protest me
" The baby of a girl."

" *Inhibit* has been explained to me by a gentleman of great learning and ingenuity to mean, in this place, to *stop*. He observed that *inhibit* was the word intended by Launcelot, when he says: " *Tears exhibit my tongue*;" and added that Shakspeare very commonly made his fools blunder in the use of propositions in compound words."

" *Rosse.* ——— Alas! poor country;

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that *rent* the air,
" Are made, not mark'd.

" So, *Rent* your heart, and not your garments." Joel ii. 13. " And a strong wind shall *rent* it." Ezekiel xiii. 2, and other parts of the Bible."

" *Macduff.* ——— front to front,
" Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself,
" Within my sword's length set him: if he 'scape,
" Heaven forgive him too."

" I do not think Mr. Malone has explained this rightly: I take the meaning to be this: All I ask of Heaven is to set him within my sword's length; if then I do not execute due vengeance on him, if I do not exert myself so as to render it impossible for him to escape, then may Heaven forgive him too. He afterwards utters a sentiment somewhat similar:

" Let me find him, Fortune,
" And more I beg not."

" ——— Macbeth
" Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
" Put on their *instruments*."

" *Instruments*, I believe, means gird on their swords. So Psalm vii. 13, 14. " If a man will not turn, he will whet his sword: he hath bent his bow and made it ready. He hath prepared for him the instruments of death: he ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors."

" *Macduff*.—I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
" Are hir'd to bear their staves: *either thou, Macbeth*,
" *Or else my sword*, with an unbatter'd edge,
" I sheath again undeeded."

" I do not suspect that a line has been lost. The sentence is meant to be left imperfect, to be mentally supplied in the manner Malone recommends. It is natural for Macduff, amid the hurry and agitation of the battle, when his thoughts, full of the loss of his wife and children, and of his revenge on Macbeth, are crowding rapidly upon him, to leave the sentence incomplete. Such imperfect sentences, finished differently from the original intention of the speaker, are not uncommon in real life, and sometimes occur in Shakspeare."

" *King John.*

" *Robert Faulconbridge*.— Upon his death-bed, he, by will,
" bequeath'd
" His lands to me; and *took it*, on his death,
" That this, my mother's son, was none of his."

" I do not think Mr. Steevens has explained this expression rightly. The words, *I take it*, in the passage, produced from Hamlet, are used in a different sense; they there mean, *I suppose*, as an example of which sense of the verb *to take*, that passage is quoted in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. The meaning here is, " he asseverated when he was dying," at a time " where (as it is well expressed by Lord Chief Justice Eyre) every hope of this world is gone, every motive to falsehood is silenced, and the mind is induced, by the most powerful considerations, to speak the truth." (Vide Melun's dying declaration in the fifth act of this play.) " A situation so solemn, and so awful, that it is considered by the law as creating an obligation equal to that which is imposed by a positive oath administered by a court of justice." In precisely the same sense, the expression is used in the fifth act of the first part of King Henry IV. where Falstaff says, " I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh." In this last-quoted passage, surely, " I'll take it upon my death," does not mean, " I'll entertain it as my fixed opinion when I am dying," Millamant, in the Way of the World, act iii. scene 10, says, " I'll take my death, Marwood, you are more censorious than a decayed beauty, or a discarded toast;" and again, in the next scene, " I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer, and within a year or two as young." These expressions I suppose to be elliptical, and to mean, " I'll take my death on the truth of what I assert."

" *Elinor*.—Whether had'st thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
" And like thy brother, to enjoy the land;

" Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,
" Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?"
" Bastard.—Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
" And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him."

" I doubt whether Dr. Johnson understood the construction. I rather incline to believe, that Sir Robert his, is not here used for Sir Robert's, (like " he Ulysses his bow") but that the meaning is, " if Sir Robert had his (my brother's) shape ;" To this I am aware it may be objected, that the Bastard ought rather to have said, " if he had Sir Robert's (shape)." I admit that it would have been more exact, but the expression here used is of the same amount, and suiting the metre, which the other did not, Shakespeare did not scruple using it ; he has numberless expressions more harsh than this."

" Constance.—O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee here,
" In likeness of a new untrimmed bride."

" We should surely adopt Theobald's emendation, 'and trimmed.' Besides the passage cited by Mr. Malone, from Romeo and Juliet, Sternhold's version of the fifth verse of the 19th Psalm may be alledged :

" In them the Lord made for the sun
" A place of great renown ;
" Who, like a bridegroom ready trimmed,
" Comes from his chamber down."

" Melun.—Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;
" Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
" And welcome home again discarded faith."

" Theobald's reading seems to receive some countenance from what Salisbury says afterwards in this scene, " we will *untread* the steps of damned flight." He is telling Melun that they would follow his advice ; and, therefore, it is natural for him to use Melun's expression. I do not, however, state this with perfect confidence."

" *King Richard the Second.*

" Gaunt.—Though Richard's life my counsel would not hear,
" My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
" York.—No ; it is stopp'd with other flatt'ring sounds,
" As praises of his state ; then there are found
" Lascivious meeters, to whose venom sound
" The open ear of youth doth always listen."

" Possibly meeters may be here used for writers of metre.

" *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.*

" Falstaff.---An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse ; the inside of a church."

" I am astonished to find so many commentators so ingeniously wrong. Falstaff certainly does not mean to say, that if he had not forgotten what the inside of a church was made of, he is the inside of a church ; but having said that if he has not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, he is a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse, he reiterates the words, the inside of a church, after which a note of exclamation should be placed. " Do I pre-

tend to talk of the inside of a church! Alas! I am an utter stranger to it! It is absurd in me to pretend to speak of it. Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."

We agree with Lord Chedworth, that the repetition of the words, "the inside of a church!" should be followed by a note of exclamation; but we rather think the words are meant to be reiterated with that slow anxiety, which would endeavour to discover, from their more attentive repetition, what ideas they could possibly convey to the speaker's mind.

"Prince Henry.---Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
"When that this body did contain a spirit,
"A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
"But now two paces of the vilest earth
"Is room enough."

"I think the two following lines (the last of an epitaph said to be on the tomb of Scipio) are more similar to this passage than those produced as parallel by Dr. Johnson.

"Cui non Europa,* non obstitit Africa quondam,
"Respice res hominum, quam brevis urna premit!"

"*The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.*

"Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
"The *ragged'st* hour that time and spite dare bring,
"To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland."

"I believe *ragged* here is much the same as *rugged*. The crest of the Earl of Warwick was the bear and *ragged* staff; and "the tops of the *ragged* rocks" are mentioned in Isaiah, c. 2, v. 21."

"Doll Tearsheet.---I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a *censer!* I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottle rogue!"

"Petruchio speaks of a *censer* in a barber's shop."

"*King Henry the Fifth.*

"Chorus.———— and the nimble gunner,
"With linstock now the *dev'lish cannon* touches,
"And down goes all before them!"

"Milton calls the cannon of the rebellious angels, "dev'lish engin'ry." P. L. vi. 553."

"Dauphin.---Montez à cheval: my horse! valet! lacquay! ha!

"Orleans.---O brave spirit!

"Dauphin.---*Via.*

"So Launcelot, in the Merchant of Venice. "*Via,*" says the fiend, "for the heavens rouse up a brave mind, and run!"

"Grandpree.---Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
"With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
"Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips;
"The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;

---

* This is strange prosody; the *a* in Europa ought to be as short as that in Africa. REVIEWER.

" And in their pale dull mouths the *gimmal* bit
" Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless."

" *Gimmal*, in some of the western counties, is used for a hinge; and the common people there usually speak of the gimmals of the door."

" O, signieur Dew, thou dies't on point of *fox*,
" Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
" Egregious ransom."

" Congreve understood *fox* as Mr. Steevens does. Sir Wilful Witwoud says to Fainall, " 'Sheart, if you talk of an instrument, I have an old *fox* by my thigh shall pack your ram vellum to shreds, Sir."

" *The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth.*

" Captain.---The gaudy, *blabbing*, and remorseful day
" Is crept into the bosom of the sea "

" Perhaps Milton remembered this epithet in Comus:

" Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout,
" The nice morn on the Indian steep
" From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
" And to the tell-tale sun descry
" Our conceal'd solemnity."

This similarity has been pointed out by Mr. Todd; and a note of it is to be found in Reed's Shakspeare.

" *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.*

" York.---I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
" Edward.---But for a kingdom, any oath may be broken."

" Si violandum est jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum est: Aliis rebus pietatem colas." CICERO de Officiis, l. 3. §. 21."

This passage is a translation, by Cicero, from the following lines of Euripides.

Εἰπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρὴ, τυραννίδος πέρι
Κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν τἄλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρέων.

EURIPIDES *Phœnissæ*, v. 534-5.

" *King Richard the Third.*

" Archbishop.---Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
" And at Northampton they do rest to night:
" To-morrow, or next day, they will be here."

" I think the right reading is that of the quartos. The Archbishop is not supposed to know any thing of the arrest of the Lords, or of the young King's being carried back: he would, of course, suppose that they would not lie at a place nearer London than that at which they had rested the preceding night. The puzzle seems to have arisen from the editors' knowledge; had they known nothing of the historical fact of young Edward's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton, they would have found no difficulty in discovering which reading was to be preferred: had they considered that the Archbishop was ignorant of this fact, the difficulty (which their knowledge raised) would, I think, have been removed.

" *King Richard.*---Fill me a bowl of wine.---Give me a watch.
" I believe *watch* here means a *watch-light.*"

" *King Henry the Eighth.*

" Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you shall have
" Two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess of Norfolk,
" And Lady Marquis Dorset."

" Apostle *spoons* are mentioned by Congreve in Love for Love, Act II., where Angelica says, " Nay, I'll declare how you prophesy'd Popery was coming, only because the butler had mislay'd some of the Apostle spoons, and thought they were lost."

" *Epilogue.*

" I think the prologue and epilogue have something of Ben Jonson's manner; but I confess I do not perceive his hand in the dialogue, except perhaps in the scene of the Porter and the Mob. As to the tamperer with this play, supposed by Mr. Malone, I agree with Mr. Steevens, whose conjecture respecting the eulogium on King James appears to me not wholly devoid of probability, though I confess I think (to borrow an expression of Dr. Johnson's) that the atoms of probability are small."

" *Troilus and Cressida.*

" *Ulysses.*—I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves---
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others."

" Scire tuum nihil est, nisi se scire poc sciat alter." PERS."

This similarity has been before remarked by Mr. Malone.

" *Timon of Athens.*

" 1*st Stranger.*---Had his necessity made use of me,
" I would have put my wealth into donation,
" And the best half should have *return'd* to him,
" So much I love his heart."

" I believe the meaning is, had Timon in his necessity applied to me, I would have made a donation of my wealth, and should have *returned* to him (not an excuse, like these lords, but---) the best half of my wealth. The word *returned*, which has occasioned the difficulty of the commentator, is used because the best half of the speaker's wealth was to be sent to Timon in consequence of a message from him, to which, therefore, it was to be *returned* as an answer."

" 4th Lord.---One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.."

" I believe by *stones* are meant the dishes, which Timon had used like stones, and had thrown them at his guests."

" *Timon.* ——— bring down rose-cheeked youth
" To the tub-fast and the diet."

" This reminds me of a beautiful passage in the Syphilis of Fracastorius :

" Ipse ego Cænomanûm memini qua pinguia dives
Pascua Sebinâ præterfluit Ollius undâ,
Vidisse insignem juvenum, quo clarior alter
Non fuit, Ausoniâ nec fortunatior omni :
Vix pubescentis florebat vere juventæ,
Divitiis, proavisque potens, et corpore pulchro :
Cui studia, aut pernicis equi compescere cursum,
Aut galeam induere, et pictis splendescere in armis,
Aut juvenile gravi corpus durare palæstrâ,
Venatuque feras agere, et prævertere cervos :
Illum omnes Olliquæ Deæ, Eridanique puellæ
Optarunt, nemorumque Deæ, rurisque puellæ ;
Omnes optatos suspiravere hymenæos
Forsan & ultores superos neglecta vocavit
Non nequicquam aliqua, et votis pia Numina movit :
Nam nimium fidentem animis, nec tanta timentem,
Invasit miserum labes, quâ sævior usquam
Nulla fuit, nulla unquam aliis spectabitur annis.
Paulatim ver id nitidum, flos ille juventæ
Disperiit, vis illa animi ; tum squalida tabes
Artus (horrendum !) miseros obduxit : et altè
Grandia turgebant fœdis abscessibus ossa.
Ulcera (proh Divûm pietatem !) informia pulchros
Pascebant oculos, et diæ lucis amorem,
Pascebantque acri corrosas vulnere nares.
Illum Alpes vicinæ, illum vaga flumina flerunt ;
Illum omnes Olliquæ Deæ, Eradanique puellæ
Fleverunt, nemorumque Deæ, rurisque puellæ ;
Sebinasque alto gemitum lacus edidit amne."

" *Timon.*—The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
" The moon into salt tears."

" That Shakspeare knew that the moon is the cause of the tides appears likewise from the First Part of Henry the Fourth, Act I. Scene 2, " being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon." Shakspeare seems to have been thinking of the 19th Ode of Anacreon [Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει], of which he had probably seen some translation, possibly that mentioned by Puttenham."

" *Coriolanus.*

" *Menenius.* ———— I shall tell you
" A pretty tale ; it may be, you have heard it ;
" But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
" To *scale't* a little more."

" I think we should adopt Theobald's emendation, *stale't*. A story is not more dispersed by being repeated to those who had heard it before. Why are we to understand *you* (in *it may be you have heard it*) to mean some of you ? Had that been the poet's meaning, he might easily have written, " some of you may have heard it." *Stale't* differs from *scale't* but in a single letter, and the variation might be occasioned by a *c* getting into the box of *t*, a sort

of accident, which those who are acquainted with printing know frequently happens. In the first Act of Julius Cæsar, Shakspeare has—

" To *stale* with ordinary oaths my love."

" Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act II.

" Age cannot wither her, nor custom *stale*
" Her infinite variety."

Lord Chedworth appears to be better acquainted with the art of printing here, than when he told us that a *p* reversed was a *b*, an error which Mr. Seymour's printer exposed, and which we are surprised Lord Chedworth's could send to press. It is this want of truth in a compositor's boxes, which occasions most errors of the press; and by defending emendations on this plea, we might suppose what letters we please to have been intended any where. If Lord Chedworth had been as well acquainted with old writings as he was with printing, he would have known that between a *c* and a *t* there used to be scarcely the slightest difference of formation; and it is on this ground he should have rested Mr. Theobald's emendation.

" *Julius Cæsar.*

" *Brutus.* O, name him not; let us not break with him;
" For he will never follow any thing
" That other men begin."

" Tacitus says of Laco, that he was " consilii quamvis egregii, quod non ipse adferret, inimicus." Hist. Lib. I. 26."

" *Antony and Cleopatra.*

" *Antony.* ——— when perforce he could not
" But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
" He vented them; most narrrow measure lent me;
" When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
" Or *did it from his teeth.*"

" That is, not heartily; he did it from the teeth outwardly is a common expression, signifying that what is spoken does not come from the heart. Macbeth speaks of

" *Mouth-honour*, breath
" Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not."

" *Cleopatra.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?
" *Enobarbus.* Think, and die."

" Did not Lee think of this passage at the end of the third act of Mithridates?

" *Ziph.* What shall we do, Semandra? *Sem.* Part, and die."

——————" Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains."

" Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho."
HOR. Lib. 1. Od. xx

" *Cymbeline.*

" *Imogen.* Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is."

" Mrs. Centlivre seems to have had this passage in her thoughts when she wrote Violante's inquiry after Don Felix, and Lissardo's reply. *Wonder*, Act II. Sc 1."

" *King Lear.*

" *Goneril.* ———— Now, by my life,
" Old fools are babes again; and must be used
" With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd."

" I am not satisfied with any of the explanations of this passage. I do not understand how flattery (when used, as I suppose it to be here, for false praise) can ever be said to be abused, i. e. perverted from a good to an ill use. Perhaps we should read " flatterers" with Theobald, and understand the passage thus; old men must be used with checks, like flatterers, who when they are seen, when their adulations are so gross and unskilful as to be apparent to the person to whom they are offered, are abused, i. e. rated, reprehended, treated with harsh language. This is a common sense of the word *abuse*, several instances of which may be seen in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. There is a thought somewhat similar to this in Horace, where he says of Augustus,

" Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus."
Lib. ii. Sat. 1. 20."

" *Lear.*—They durst not do't;
" They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse than murder,
" To do upon respect such violent outrage."

" I undersand this line to mean—*To do such violent outrage deliberately, upon consideration*, taking respect to be used here in the same sense as in King John,

" More upon humour than advised *respect.*' "

" *Lear.*—Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
" Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Plate sin with gold*,
" And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
" Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

" Ilia subter
" Cœcum vulnus habes: sed lato balteus auro
" Prætegit." PERS. iv., 43."

" *Albany.* ——— Where I could not be honest,
" I never yet was valiant: for this business;
" It toucheth us as France invades our land,
" Not bolds the King; with others, whom, I fear,
" Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
" *Edmund.* Sir, you speak nobly."

" I doubt whether this speech is to be understood ironically, as Mr. Malone supposes. I rather think that Edmund means to express his approbation of Albany's conduct in joining to repel the invasion, though he disliked the measures which occasioned it, the treatment of Lear, respecting which he differed from Goneril, Regan, aud Edmund. The Bastard commends him for not withholding his aid against the common enemy, on account of those " domestic and particular broils," which the circumstances of the times rendered it improper to question then, and which were to be reserved for future discussion."

" *Romeo and Juliet.*

" *Romeo.*—I would I were thy bird.
" *Juliet.*— Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing."

" Pope seems to have been thinking of this passage, when he wrote the following lines in his 2d pastoral.

" Oh, were I made, by some transforming pow'r,
" The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
" Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
" And I those kisses, he receives, enjoy."

" *Juliet.*—I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
" And gave him what becomed love I might,
" Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
" *Capulet*—Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
" This is as't should be.—Let me see the County;
" Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither,
" Now afore God, this reverend holy friar,
" All our whole city is much bound to him."

" For the sake of grammar, (says Warburton) I would suspect that Shakspeare wrote *much bound to hymn*, i. e. *praise, celebrate.*" Mr. Edwards, in his *Canons of Criticism*, has justly censured this emendation I agree with Mr. Edwards that this is a place that wants no tinkering. Capulet changes the structure of the sentence from what he first intended it to be, which is very common in real life, especially when persons are agitated by any vehemence of passion, as Capulet was with joy at his daughter's return to her duty, and her compliance with his fondest wishes. This passage cannot, I think, be better illustrated than by the judicious observations of Bishop Lowth in his 14th Prelection, where he remarks on these words, " Nox illa—occupet illam caligo." Job. ch. iii. v. 6."

" *Hamlet.*

" *Hamlet.*—The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
" Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
" When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
" Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
" With heraldry more dismal," &c.

"I have sometimes fancied that Shakspeare has made these lines elaborately tumid, for the purpose of marking a distinction between the diction of this supposed drama, whose language he would have taken to be that of real life, and, by this artifice, to give the greater appearance of reality to the play. He is fond of comparing the actions of his characters to a theatrical exhibition."

"*Othello.*

"*Lodovico.*—Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:
"These may be counterfeits, let's think't unsafe
"To come in to the cry, without more help."

"I doubt whether these words are rightly explained by Dr. Johnson. We have afterwards in this act, *O heavy hour!* where *heavy* certainly has not the sense attributed by Dr. Johnson to it in this place."

Our extracts have led us to a very great length; but we have now given our readers every thing valuable, that they will not otherwise procure, of a scarce, expensive, and unpublished book.

(To be continued.)

Excerpta ex variis Romanis Poetis, qui in Scholis rariùs leguntur, notulis illustrata, quas collegit in studiosæ juventutis usum *Johannes Rogers Pitman*, *A. B.* Londini, Rivington et Hatchard, 1808.

There is an absurd idea prevalent among half-scholars, that no Latin poetry deserves attention, except the productions of the Augustan age; as some have thought that the English poetry of the age of Anne is alone worthy to be read. Such was the false opinion, which that superficial dabbler, Lord Chesterfield, wished to impress upon the mind of his more sensible son, and which he had borrowed, as he seems to have done most of his critical opinions, from the herd of French critics, with Bouhours at their head. But the better-learned well know that the Muse of Virgil and Horace, though undoubtedly more polished and elegant than that of preceding times, has neither the fire nor the ease of the poetical disciple of Epicurus; and that the Muse of the subsequent ages, though disgraced with occasional affectation, has charms sufficient to make all her errors venial, and to fix every tasteful mind. For who could, like Lucretius, give fascination to abstract reasoning, and decorate absurdity in such a delightful dress, that even truth hesitates to destroy the charming illusion; so that we are ready to adopt the very unphilosophical exclamation of Cicero, *Malim cum illo errare, quam cum aliis rectum sentire?*

Thinking as we do, therefore, on this subject, we cannot but hail this attempt of Mr. Pitman to introduce to general notice some of our favourite authors, but more especially to introduce them into schools; where a book of this nature has long been a great desideratum. The general plan of the selector's volume is excellent, and the selections are made with taste and judgment. His extracts from Lucretius are peculiarly well-chosen, and give us a good idea of the poetic talent without any of the false reasoning of the Epicurean Poet. The selections from Catullus are unfortunately quite as numerous as could with propriety be taken from one, who, with striking inconsistency, is the most delicate and the most indecent of all poets. We could have wished to have seen more of the elegant Tibullus, and less of the pedant Propertius, who wooes his mistress by reciting Greek stories to her. Of Persius, the fifth and best Satire is inserted in the collection, but the second Satire well deserved to accompany it. Seneca is an inflated second-rate author, and, except the omission of Messalina's death, quite enough has been taken from him. The same may be said of Lucan. But we regret exceedingly that so scanty a portion has been given of Valerius Flaccus, whose fragment is, in our opinion, worth all the Epics that Blackmore, Pye, and Cottle ever wrote. The presentation of the infant Achilles to his father, Peleus, the progress of Medea's love for Jason, and her mother's pathetic lament on her elopement, are passages conceived and expressed with the genius of a master. The selections from Silius Italicus, Martial, Ausonius, aud Claudian, are such as evince the correctest judgment of the compiler. We think, however, that more might have been taken from Statius: why is that elegant poem, the "Genethliacon Lucani," omitted? As to Juvenal, we think any selection at all from him was unnecessary; for we never yet met with a school-boy, who was not acquainted with all the best Satires of that political declaimer.

The notes, which Mr. Pitman has added, manifest considerable knowledge of the best commentators, and are highly useful; and the short biographical and critical notices, which are given of each author, are written with a Latin purity and tasteful judgment, such as we should expect from the scholar, who has presented us with so judicious and elegant an excerpta.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A collection principally of old books and tracts, made by Mr. Stace, Bookseller, was, from the 1st to the 13th of December last, sold by auction by Mr. Stewart, of Piccadilly. The books were in excellent condition; and many of them were so injudiciously put into beautiful bindings, that they must have failed to indemnify Mr. Stace for this expense. Of the prices for which the most important of the books in old English literature sold, we subjoin a list; and that the literary public may know in whose collection such of them as were not sold to booksellers are placed, we annex in a third column the names of purchasers, wherever such purchasers are not booksellers.

	L.	*s.*	*d.*	
Sir Aston Cokain's poems and plays, (portrait) 1669 - - -	2	16	0	Mr. Heber.
Thomas Decker's Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the day of his Majesties Triumphant passage from the Tower, 1604 - - - - - - - - - - - -	5	15	6	Mr. Dent.
A Dialogue betwixt Mr. Alderman Abel and Richard Kilvert, the two maine Projectors for Wine, and also Alderman Abel's Wife, &c. &c. (portraits and wood cuts) 1641 - - - - - - - - -	3	0	0	Mr. Richardson.
Syr David Lindesey's Dialogue betweene Experience and a Courtier, 1581 - - -	1	19	0	Marq. of Buckingham.
True Discourse of all the Triumphs, &c. observed at the Marriage of King Charles and Ladie Henrietta Maria of Bourbon, &c. - - - - - -	2	4	0	Mr. Dent.
The Poesies of George Gascoigne, &c. 1575 - - - - -	14	0	0	Mr. Jolly.
Thomas Haywood's Actor's Vindication - - - - - - - -	1	14	0	Mr. Field, of Covent-Garden Theatre.
Robert Herrick's Hesperides (portrait) 1648 - - - - - - -	2	12	6	Mr. Barron Field.
John Leylande's Laboryouse Journey and Serche for Englandes Antiquities 1549	2	6	0	
His Majesties Speach in this				

last Session of Parliament; together with a discourse of the Discouery of this late intended Treason, joyned with the Examination of Guido Fawkes and others 1605 - - - - - - - - - - - -	0	13	6 Mr. Heber.
The true Narration of the Entertainment of His Royall Maiestie, from his departure from Edenbrough till his receiuing at London, &c. 1603 - - - - - - - - - - - -	2	4	0
A particular Entertainment of the Queene and Prince their Highnesse to Althorpe - - -	3	13	6 Mr. Dent.
GeorgePeele's merrie conceited Jests - - - - - - - - - - - -	5	10	0 Mr. Singer.
Chapman's Homer (portrait by W. Pass) 1614, &c. - - -	8	0	0
Hugh Peters's Tales and Jests	6	6	0
Le Prince d'Amour, with a Collection of ingenious Poems and Songs by the wits of the Age, 1660 - - -	2	3	0 Mr. Sibthorp.
Surry (Lord Henry Haward) and others, Songes and Sonnets, 1585 - - - - - - - -	14	14	0 Mr. Utterson.
Shakespeare, the Second Folio, (wanting portrait and title-page) 1632 - - - - - - - - -	3	1	0
———the Third Folio, 1664	5	7	3 Mr. Jolly.
Walton's Angler, 1st Edition, 1653 - - - - - - - - - - - -	2	3	0
The Vision of Pierce Plowman, 1st Edition, 1550 - - - - -	4	14	6
——— 2d Edition, 1550	5	1	0

Mr. Leigh Hunt's Essays on Methodism, which have appeared in the Examiner, will, in the course of the present month, be published as a pamphlet.

The Rev. Dr. Vincent is preparing to publish the Greek Text of Arrian's Indicá and the Periplus; with a translation, to accompany his comments on those works.

A third volume of Poems of the late Rev. W. L. Bowles, will shortly be published.

Mr. Francis Lathom is engaged on a fiction, entitled the Romance of the Hebrides.

Mr. Polwhele is employed in collecting the correspondence and papers of his late friend and neighbour, Mr. Whitaker, with a view to the publication of his Memoirs in a quarto volume.

Mr. Bigland's View of the World is in a state of great forwardness at press, and will extend to five octavo volumes. It comprises a tolerably minute geographical description of all the countries of the world, with an account of whatever is particularly remarkable

in each, followed by a separate historical view of every nation and people.

Mr. Donovan is preparing for publication a continuation of his History of British Birds.

Mr. Oulton has in the press a collection of Poems, chiefly comic, containing burlesque translations of Ovid and Horace, dramatic and miscellaneous pieces.—Also, Letters from a Father to a Daughter on Female Education, with appropriate directions for instructing young ladies.

Memoirs of Dr. Paley, from the pen of a gentleman who was one of his parishioners at Bishop Wearmouth, are expected to appear in a few weeks.

Mr. Thomas Green, of Liverpool, a youth of 17, has in the press a volume of Poems, which will appear the first week in January.

The Muses' Bower, a selection of the most favourite Poetical Pieces, in four small volumes, is on the eve of publication.

Miss L. S. Stanhope, author of the Bandit's Bride, has just finished another novel in three volumes, entitled The Age we Live in.

Lucky Escapes, or Systematic Villainy, a novel, by the author of the British Admiral, is now in the press.

Mr. Sicklemore, author of Rashleigh Abbey, &c. is printing a romance, entitled Osrick, or Modern Horrors, in three volumes.

Mrs. Bridget Bluemantle has in forwardness a novel, entitled Monte Video, or the Officer's Wife and his Sister.

Mr. Molineux, of Macclesfield, has in the press, in post quarto, the Shorthand Instructor, or Stenographical Copy-book; designed as a companion to his Introduction to Mr. Byron's Shorthand.

A new edition, very much improved and corrected, of Langhorne's Plutarch, by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, will appear this month.

A new edition of Mr. Thornton's Present State of Turkey, with very considerable additions and alterations, including a map of the Turkish empire and a plan of Constantinople, is expected to appear this month.

The Rev. J. Gordon's History of Ireland has been translated into French, and published at Paris in three octavo volumes.

The History of Chili, natural, civil, and political, translated from the Italian of Abbé Molina, with notes from the Spanish and French versions, is in the press at New York, in two octavo volumes. This work will be reprinted in London.

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

Iris, drawn by Head, engraved by Freeman and Stadler.

Echo, drawn by ditto, engraved by ditto.

THESE are two small companion prints in colours; and if sameness is a necessary quality for companionship, they possess it in a most eminent degree. In fact the one is a female figure, sprawling in Hogarth's line of beauty, from the upper and left hand corner of the picture to the lower and right hand one; and the other is very nearly the same figure, with a little difference in the back ground and accompaniments, extended in a similar manner in the opposite direction. There is a total want of keeping in both; the figures are excessively gaudy and brilliant, and the back grounds equally sombre. The engraving, we suppose, does not pretend to any excellence, and is merely calculated to receive coloured impressions.

Mr. Emery in the character of Tyke. De Wilde pinxt; Charles Turner sculpt.

This is one of Mr. De Wilde's happiest likenesses, admirably engraved in mezzotinto, by Mr. Charles Turner. It is a small whole length of the Actor, in a spirited attitude, and has less stiffness than single theatrical portraits usually possess. The back ground is more broken, and has a less obtrusive effect than Mr. De Wilde's productions generally display; but from what we recollect of the painting, we believe a considerable share of this merit to be due to the engraving, of which we cannot speak too highly.

Elliston, painted by G. H. Harlow, engraved by C. Turner.

Painting is the only, and it must be allowed the very imperfect, mode by which even a faint idea of the transient talents of the Actor can be transmitted to posterity. In certain situations, where a divided expression of a passion is depicted by the Actor, this might be done with considerable effect; and it is surprising that it has not been more attempted. We hear indeed of the magic expression of Garrick's countenance, in many marked situations of the drama; and yet with the exceptions of Sir Joshua's portrait of him between tragedy and of Zof-

fany's in Abel Drugger, we have not one that gives us any idea of the wonderful powers of countenance he is said to have possessed. His portraits in general merely present us with the materials from which he worked, when the whole charm, and what the painters ought to have shewn us, was the effect he produced with them. The above remark would have applied to the print before us, had the artist fulfilled his intentions, the production being a portrait of Mr. Elliston, in rather a fancy costume, with no particular reference to his profession; but unfortunately the artist has completely failed in producing even a likeness of the Actor; so that the print has no merit whatever but what it derives from the engraver.

Luna, painted by Hüet Villers, engraved by C. Turner.

Venus, painted by ditto, engraved by ditto.

The idea of these prints is somewhat novel. It is an attempt to identify Luna and Venus with the moon and the planet. Their phases are accordiugly filled up, the moon's with a pensive profile-face, and the star's with a beautiful front one. The conceit, we think, is unhappy: let but the painter draw the remainder of the figures, and without that the heads are no more Luna and Venus, than the oilman's "headless trunk" is a good woman, or any woman at all, and the absurdity of the present idea will become apparent. Mythologists considered Luna an actual woman, and not, as she is here represented, a head only; and this idea has hitherto been followed by our best poets and painters. Astronomers gave the planet to Venus; Mr. Villers has given Venus's head to the planet.

The hair of the Venus is much too formally disposed, one half being the exact counterpart of the other; two of the side locks are tied under the chin, like the ribbon of a bonnet; and the hair flowing from the tie has the ludicrous effect of a beard. The clouds in the back ground of Luna, however, are beautifully broken, and the lights very naturally disposed. The face of Luna, too, has a more aerial effect, and is on the whole a very superior production to its companion, which at the first glance looks like the frontispiece to one of the editions of Gay's Fables.

Critical Description of the Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims to Canterbury, painted by Thos. Stothard, Esq. R. A. By William Carey. Lond. Cadell and Davies, 1808.

This little work is a warm but just eulogium of the picture it describes and criticises. It will form an excellent key to the engraving from it, upon which Mr. Schiavonetti is employed; and will, while the picture is in his hands, be the best substitute for a sight of it, which Mr. Cromek, the proprietor of the picture, could possibly have presented to those who were so unfortunate as not to see it, while it was on public view. We give that gentleman every credit for his judgment in employing Mr. Stothard's talents so advantageously; but it is not mentioned in this or in any other examen of the picture, with which we are acquainted, that the artist's designs for Bell's Chaucer must have ensured Mr. Cromek his success on the present occasion.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

The Music of "The Exile," a grand melo-dramatic Opera, *composed by J. Mazzinghi.* Goulding, Phipps, D'Almaine, and Co. London, 1808.

After the succession of insipid Operas by Kelly, Braham, Reeve, and Ware, one is naturally to look forward with hope when such a composer as Mazzinghi is announced as the embellisher of the works of the present race of authors, whose productions are usually and deservedly drowned in the noise of trumpets, kettle-drums and tambourines. The name of Mazzinghi is well known, perhaps too well known, to the public; had he composed less he would undoubtedly have been esteemed more. To fill the music-shops with continual novelty and originality is a task requiring a superior genius to any which this gentleman possesses; he has therefore too much borrowed the invention of others, and not sufficiently studied "the art to blot." To these defects, however, he joins a general correctness of composition, which will separate him from that tumultuous class of composers, who seem to have studied under the professors of rough music at Bartholomew Fair.

The Overture to the Exile is quite in the Covent Garden style; it consists of a variety of movements, with solos for divers instruments; and these are substitutes for solidity of composition. First, we have four bars of the modern sublime, consisting of nothing but octaves fortissimo, which change to an Andante Maestoso; and then, to set the heads, hands, and feet of half the audience in motion, a pretty little air on the clarinet, a little soso on the oboe, and a turbulent tutti passage. Next comes a slow movement, to shew the grating powers of Mr. Ware, from which we are relieved by a Cossack Rondo, which rattles on to the rising of the curtain: This is the model of a modern dramatic overture, and will be a very useful receipt to all those who aspire to such a composition: nor is it of difficult execution; a week's study would enable any one to produce an equally meritorious performance. The melodramatic music, which in the present publication precedes the vocal, is altogether the best part of the Opera; the airs are expressive of the action represented, and are generally very pleasing. The first vocal composition that claims any attention is Mrs. Dickons's song of "Once on a Time," the air of which is rather elegant, but the harmony of the most common-place kind. Mr. Liston's bravura, "Lovely Catherine," is an absurd imitation of Signor Naldi's song in "Il Fanatico," where he instructs the performers how to accompany him; it is an indifferent composition, and gains nothing from Mr. Liston's performance of it.

"The Gale of Love" is by much the best song in the Opera, the air being extremely beautiful, and the accompaniment very ingenious. The succeeding Polacca is very graceful and lively; but the rest of the serious songs it will be mercy to pass over in silence. The comic music is paltry in the extreme; indeed, it is amazing that Mr. Mazzinghi should publish any thing so hacknied as the duet "I told you I was in the case," and the Masquerade song. The basses of many of the present compositions are extremely monotonous, and swinging for many bars together upon the key-note, a circumstance which proves that the composer has attended more to his own ease, than to any credit he may obtain by his performance.

No. 1. *Silent Kisses*, written by *Leigh Hunt, Esq.* composed by *John Whitaker.*

No. 2. *Love and the Æolian Harp*, written and composed by the same. Button and Whitaker, London, 1808.

These are the first two songs of a little series to be given to the public by the present writer and composer. Mr. Whitaker has been very happy, hitherto, in his compositions, and we have no doubt that he will proceed with equal success. The first song is a very well modulated air, and possesses a beautiful violoncello accompaniment. The second we consider, words and all, a much finer production than even the first: nothing can be more felicitous than the opening of the air, after the little symphony, in which an Æolian harp is attempted, of course unsuccessfully, to be imitated; and nothing more grand than the manner of coming to the staccato note, at " Shall with responsive Music start!" The 21st, 2d and 3d bars, however, are too palpable imitations of Purcell's " I attempt from Love's sickness."

Mr. Hunt's words are far superior to the generality of a musician's materials, and must have not a little contributed to the spirit with which Mr. Whitaker has worked them up. The first song of " Silent Kisses," however, is rather gloating and sickly, and labours too much for allusion. A lover's heart springing up and trembling to his mistress, is very little

> " As the arrow still trembles, when fix'd in the tree;"

and we have great doubts whether the heart was not made to perform these feats solely for the purpose of giving it what little resemblance to the allusion it does possess; in other words, the simile was thought of first, and the real description was squared to it. The song of " Love and the Æolian Harp" is a much more easy and unexceptionable production, and reflects the greatest credit on the taste and ingenuity of the writer.

VERSE.

An Imitation of a Song, written by a Peasant Girl in one of the Finnish Islands, on her Lover, who had gone to the Continent of Finland, to share the Chase of the Season.

I.

Would that the man I love were near!
Oh! would to Heaven that he were here!
What Rein-deer's rapid-darting spring,
What Eagle's arrow-speeding wing,
Could equal half the panting pace
With which I'd fly to his embrace,
Would print my kisses on his face,
Although his cheek were stain'd with blood,
From horrid monsters of the wood:
And though the deathly-touching Asp
In wreaths around his hand should clasp,
That hand I'd press unto my heart,
Ev'n should the reptile strike its dart.
To have his hand so dearly prest,
To have his head upon my breast,
And then to die, were to be blest.

II.

Ye winds that range from pole to pole,
Oh! why were ye not given a soul?
How would ye to my lover bear
My ev'ry hope, my ev'ry fear;
And swift as thought, ye'd turn again,
To tell me all his joy and pain.
Ye waves around that idly break,
Why are ye not allow'd to speak?
How would you then, in foaming pride,
Come hurrying on the ling'ring tide;
And when ye reach'd the friendly shore,
Suspend awhile your echoing roar,
To speak the thoughts my lover vents
Now vain to you in wild laments;
Then haste, and tell him how I burn,
To greet his anxious long'd return.

III.

How ev'ry duty, each delight,
Of dress, of food, of taste, or sight,
Were vain to steal one thought away,
Were vain to cause an instant's stay
From him, who forms my morning's care,
My noonday thoughts, my ev'ning's prayer.
Nay, as the time I fondly whil'd
In watching o'er our only child,
My lover's voice if I should hear,
Oh! If the lov'd sound met my ear,
I'd leave that child expos'd to harms
To rush towards my lover's arms:
Then eager back the space we'd press
To snatch our pledge of happiness,
To hang upon our darling boy,
To drown his cheek in tears of joy.

J. B.

THE SECRET:

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

From morn 'till noon *Ventoso* on me hung,
And nimbly plied his never-ceasing tongue:
Rare news he had; and secrets told by dozens;
How it falls out that brothers' sons are cousins;
That some folks, strangely, close their eyes at night;
And blind men stumble through their lack of sight;
That boys, in time, grow up to men's estate;
And new-dropp'd calves through instinct suck the teat;
These wonders he, in confidence, made known
To me, and oft he said, "to me alone!"
Grateful for this, with looks of anxious fear,
I grasp'd his hand, and whisper'd in his ear;
"These kind disclosures equal frankness claim;
"But (on your life, your author never name!)
"I have a secret too."——On tip-toe rais'd,
With neck outstretch'd, and open mouth, he gaz'd;
And with a solemn pledge his promise gave
To keep the matter silent as the grave.

Still, doubtful whether I could trust the man,
I paus'd awhile his countenance to scan;
Then forth, with trembling hand, my watch I drew,
And bade him once again his pledge renew.
He vow'd: he swore. "What is it?"—stammering cried.
"It is, my friend!" I fault'ringly replied,
"It is—but like a Christian bear the shock;—
"It is—indeed it is, *past One o'Clock!*"

GROSS WIT.

"White Lion."——O'KEEFFE'S *Young Quaker*.

Sitting first on the King's Bench in Term, you will find him;
How much he resembles the Lion behind him!

DRAUGHT EPIGRAM.

"Mr. ——, do you *move* for your *argument*?"

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

When a Counsel contends any one legal notion,
His *argument* always ensures him a *motion*:
The truth of this principle draught-players prove,
When they hold that a *huff* ever warrants a *move*.

Westminster-Hall, Nov. 12, 1808. †‡†

THE DRAMA.

MR. ELLISTON, AND THE "MONTHLY MIRROR."

Mr. EDITOR,

It is not my object in the present Letter to point out the various excellencies of Mr. Elliston: his reputation is too well established to require any such feeble support. But though his merits are universally acknowledged by the Public, and the voice of the Public is in this case echoed by the Critics, yet it is the lot of Mr. Elliston to be treated by the Theatrical Critic of the "Monthly Mirror" with an invariable severity, sufficient, I think, to warrant the suspicion of private prejudice in the writer. He lays hold of every occasion to introduce a lash at Mr. Elliston, whether it be to the subject or not: for instance, speaking of the engagement of Mrs. Mudie, he says—

"Mr. Elliston must be at the bottom of this—he wanted to have some female to play Tragedy on a par with himself!"—*Monthly Mirror, Nov.* 1808.

Of Mr. Elliston's Sir Harry Wildair, the same Critic observes, "Passable is a just description of his Sir Harry Wildair, a petit-maitre, which, though successfully performed by Peg Woffington," &c. &c.

Even when obliged to commend Mr. Elliston, in the character of Frank Heartall, he mixes his praise with an affected contempt.

"Much is also owing to the sprightly Comedy of *little* Elliston in Frank Heartall."

One more extract, Mr. Editor, and I have done:—

"He (Mr. Young,) could not have been supported in Tragedy at the other Theatre (Drury-Lane), even if he had had the *interest* to command the lead; and it is much more supportable to wait for Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke, till he is as bald as the Marquis of Granby, *than to play second to Mr. Elliston, who is in the same Tragedy only fit to deliver a message, and should, rather than presume to vie with Mr. Young in Hamlet, put his strength against Mr. Farley in Osrick, a Fop.*"

But let us recur, Mr. Editor, to a more flagrant instance of injustice, which took place about a twelvemonth since. Mr. Elliston, it seems, condescended to write a letter of expostulation to the Editor, who, at the com-

mencement of his remarks upon it, promises, that "all the justice it requires of us it shall have : but," he goes on to say, "it occupies three pages, and we cannot establish such a bad precedent, as to defer matter of more *general* and *agreeable* interest, to afford it insertion!"

As if, Sir, to clear the character of an injured individual, and that individual the first Actor in the first Theatre in the world *, were not of sufficient importance to interest the majority of the readers of a theatrical magazine!

"We shall, however, give the substance in his own words, with our remarks, and merely leave out such *hasty* and *unguarded* expressions, *as it neither becomes Gentlemen to hear nor a Gentleman to utter!*"

This is perhaps a fair representation of the Letter written by Mr. Elliston: but it would at least be satisfactory to the warm admirers of that Gentleman (of whom I confess myself one) to be informed of the literal contents, that they might be enabled to judge *how far* he was culpable, and how far pardonable. We all know to what lengths a man may be carried by the violence of sudden passion; and certainly Mr. Elliston would be justified in feeling something like indignation mingled with contempt, at reading the opprobrious epithets and unfavourable insinuations directed against him in the publication alluded to. Perhaps he merely charged the Editor with severity and injustice: perhaps he called him a malicious calumniator and diabolical assassin. At least, Sir, from the ambiguous silence of the magazine on this head, very different conclusions will be drawn by the enemies and the admirers of Mr. Elliston.

Advancing a little further with the Letter, we come to Mr. Elliston's objections to the Editor's strictures on his acting. "That Mr. Elliston's Feelings," says the witty Critic, "should not exactly jump with ours in these remarks, will surprise no one who walks about without a keeper. He is welcome to his own better opinion of it—we still maintain ours. *Let the Public decide.*" The Public has decided, and decided determinately in favour of Mr. Elliston: his entrance on the stage is always greeted with loud applauses, and his performances, both in Comedy *and Tragedy*, followed by the most satisfactory indications of the *Public* admiration.

* The high appreciation of Mr. Elliston which this letter contains is not to be looked upon as the opinion of the EDITOR.

But now, Sir, to hasten to the concluding point, Mr. Elliston's pronunciation of the word *marital* in an epilogue; a pronunciation, which was dictated by the author, but for which the editor of the Monthly Mirror had severely reprimanded Mr. Elliston, and pronounced that he "must have been destitute of a school-boy's learning."

"The word *marital*," Mr. Elliston writes, "appears in the dictionaries of Johnson, Bayley, Sheridan, and Walker, to be accentuated exactly as I delivered it, (márital). These, gentlemen, according to your account, must each have been destitute of a school-boy's learning."

This inference any impartial person might think sufficiently plain and fair. Not so the Critic of the Monthly Mirror:—the following are his remarks upon it:

"As to the quantity of *marital*, we form our own judgment, and in such a case care little for all the lexicographers, dead or alive. Were Mr. Elliston supported by the poets, or the use of common parlance, that *norma loquendi*, we might think something of it; but the poets know nothing of the word, the many have it not in their vocabulary, nor the few in their richer store of language, and the small number of prose-writers, who have used it, determine neither one way nor the other. A dictionary before us, *published anonymously*, in 179!, is of our opinion; but were it not, we would stand alone; and with us, on the authority of maritus, it should be *marítal* to the end of the chapter."

Now, not to mention the vanity of the writer, *(we form our own judgment*, &c.) to be sure it might be asked, Why should not Mr. Elliston or Mr. Lamb, the writer of the Epilogue, form *his* own? Let us examine a little into the authority of the Latin pronunciation. Of course I shall not deny that the Latin pronunciation is *marītus* and *marītalis:* I will even grant, (what perhaps might well be contested) that of English words derived from the Latin, the pronunciation ought to be regulated by the pronunciation of the radical Latin words. But are there to be no exceptions to a general rule? Surely the writer needs not to be told of the difference between the Latin and English pronunciation of *senator*, *orator*, *academy*, *fortuitous*, and many other words: and why should not the privilege of deviation be extended to *marital?*

As to the dictionary, "*published anonymously*, in 1791," I have never seen it, and therefore cannot refer to it. Let us take it for granted, that the Editor is correct in his statement: but Mr. Elliston is supported by *four* lexicographers, whose names are not only *known*, but admired and venerated: and who, "*that walks about without a keeper*," will oppose the authority of an anonymous lexiocrapher to that of "Johnson, Bailey, Sheridan, and Walker?"

The Editor thus concludes his *impartial* observations: "If Johnson, according to Mr. E.'s logic, be wrong here, he *too* must have been destitute of "a school-boy's learning." This is the true *absurdum*."

But how so? Is not the inference as clear as possible, that if Johnson and Elliston be guilty of *the same* error, the same culpability which attaches to one one of them *for that error*, equally attaches to the other? I suppose Mr. Elliston is censurable not as being Elliston, distinct from Johnson, but as having committed a fault: and it requires no argument to prove, that *all* involved in the same fault are liable to the same reprehension on account of that fault.

If, Mr. Editor, you think the defence of a popular and excellent Actor of sufficient interest and importance, the above hasty remarks are offered for insertion in your Magazine, by, Sir, Your humble Servant,

CRITICO-MASTIX.

GIVE A JOKE AND TAKE ONE,

A DRAMATIC PROVERB, IN ONE ACT,

By the Author of the Farce of "Antiquity."

The following trifle is grounded upon, and nearly erected by, the story of the Barber's Sixth Brother, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. A little enlargement of the idea, for the purpose of dramatic effect, and its subserviency in inculcating the proverb which gives it a title, are all the author has to answer for.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BANANAN, a Persian Barmecide.
SCHACABAC.
A PORTER.

SCENE—Bagdad.

SCENE I.

A magnificent Pavilion, opening to a Garden. Enter Schacabac, following a Porter.

Schacabac.—May I ask, friend, to whom this superb palace belongs?

Porter.—Good man, is there need of such a question? Do you not see that it can be no other than the residence of a Barmecide? Is it not every way worthy of so noble an owner? Wherein is it deficient?

Schac.—Of a Barmecide? Then am I sure of a generous reception! All Persia knows that the hand of a Barmecide is as open as his palace-gate. I intreat you, friend, to ask an alms of him, for one whom reverse of fortune has reduced to the necessity of begging his bread.

Porter.—Go in, and address yourself to the princely Bananan himself; but let me first warn you, that, though charitable, the Barmecide is eccentric in his charity; and that, though you will not fail in the event to be relieved by his generosity, you will probably suffer something from his humour.

Schac.—I have found, in my progress through life, not only that to be charitable is always to be singular, but that to be singular is often to be charitable. The many whimsical benefactions, with which this and every other great city is endowed, are a sufficient proof that charity and eccentricity often go hand in hand.

Porter.—There lies your way. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

A rich interior hall, adorned with paintings of gold and azure foliage. Bananan discovered, sitting at the end of an alcove.

Enter Schacabac.

Schac.—At length I have penetrated into the interior. This palace is as dreary and silent as that of the petrified town, in which our Caliph's wife, Zobeide, had so strange an adventure; and, in good faith, the Barmecide would pass very well for one of the petrifactions. I'll address him, however. My Lord, may the meanest of your vassals crave permission to kiss the dust of your feet?

Banan.—*(Looking round.)* Why, truly, his situation gives him excellent pretensions to the office. But who is this humble slave? and what does he want besides dust?

Schac.—My Lord, I am a poor man, who stand in need of the help of the rich and generous; and therefore, my Lord——I am *here*.

Banan.—Holy Prophet! Is it possible there can be in Bagdad a man like yourself, while *I* am here? This must never be.

Schac.—Heaven, my Lord, has blest you with riches,

and the poor bless you in the employment of those riches. Most devoutly do I wish you all the happiness which must result from this double blessing.

Banan.—Part of it you are in a situation, you say, to grant me?

Schac.—If poverty is the qualification, yes, my lord.

Banan.—What shall I first do for you?

Shac.—My lord, I swear to you I have not eaten this day.

Banan.—Is it possible? alas, you must be ready to die with hunger. Ho, boy! bring a bason and water, that we may wash our hands. (*Pretending to receive them.*) That's right; now we will lose no time. (*Affecting to wash.*) Come, friend, wash with me: here is water!

Schac.—(*Aside.*)—A very merry Barmecide, truly; he is washing his hands in air. I must humour him though, if I expect to be relieved by him. (*Aloud*) You do me too much honor, my lord; I will wait till you have finished.

Banan.—No, no; wash in the same bason with me, I insist upon it.

Shac.—Since it is your will, my lord (*affects to wash*).

Banan.—This water is both soft and aromatic, is it not?

Schac.—My lord, it will offend neither the hands nor nose.

Banan.—Bathe your hands in it then. How cool and refreshing! Come, boy, now take away the bason, and bring us something to eat. Have you got hold of it? Quick then, (*to Schac.*) there is the towel, friend. By Alla! you must be blind; you have let fall. (*Pretending to pick it up.*)

Schac.—Oh my lord! suffer your slave (*stoops for the same pretended purpose*). I confess, my lord, I did not see it.

Banan.—Now, friend, eat as freely as if you were at home (*carving an imaginary joint, and pretending to help himself and Schac.*)

Schac.—(*Aside*)—Yes I shall, about as freely, for at home I have not a grain of rice, or a morsel of meat, remaining.

Banan.—There; I hope I have helped you to your liking.

Schac.—(*Chews slowly and despondently.*)

Banan. (*Affecting to eat heartily.*) Why, you said you were dying with hunger; and yet you eat as if you had no stomach.

Schac.—Pardon me, my lord (*imitating Banan. better*) ; you see I lose no time, and that I play my part (*pretending to stuff his mouth enormously*) very well.

Banan.—(*Affecting to speak as if his mouth was full*). How like you this bread? do you not find it very good?

Schac. Oh, my lord! I never ate (*putting his hand to his mouth with nothing in it*) *such* bread in my life.

Banan.—Aye, I knew you would like it; it is both white and fine. Come then, eat your fill; I assure you the woman that bakes me this bread cost me 500 pieces of gold to purchase her. (*Desisting from his pretended meal, as if weary.*) Boy, bring us another dish. Aye, that's right. Now, my good friend, taste this new dish. Never stay to finish that; I see you have some still left in your plate; but never mind that. Boy, take it away, Tell me now, if ever you tasted better mutton and barley-broth than this.

Schac.—It is indeed admirable; and therefore I eat heartily, as you see.

Banan.—You oblige me much; and I conjure you by the satisfaction I have to see you eat so heartily, that you eat it all, since you like it so well. Such food as this ought to go for nothing.

Schac.—(*Aside.*)—For *nothing!* then it will execute its commission most admirably; for I never saw mutton-broth so much resembling *nothing*, in my life.

Banan.—Now, boy, bring me a goose and sweet sauce. —(*Affecting to cut it up.*) This goose is very fat: eat only a leg and a wing, my friend; we must save our stomachs, for we have abundance of other dishes to come. Aye, there's a dish, of which I do boast, a lamb fed with pistachio-nuts: this is what you will see at no table but mine. I would have you eat your fill of this—(*Pretending to hold a piece to Schac.'s mouth.*) There, swallow that; and you will know whether I have not reason to boast of this exquisite dish.

Schac.—*(Pretending to receive it, and eat it with extreme pleasure.)*

Banan.—(*Watching him.*)—I knew you would like it.

Schac.—Nothing can be finer. Your table, my lord, is furnished with the choicest viands. It's only fault is its profusion.

Banan.—You flatter me.

Shac.—(*Aside*)—I do indeed. (*Aloud,*) I speak truth, my lord: but if I may be allowed to suggest a fault, it is

that your table is so thickly crowded, one does not know what to eat first.

Banan.—Come, bring the ragout; for I have a great fancy you will like that as well as you did the lamb. How do you relish it?

Schac.—Oh, excellent! here we taste at once, amber, cloves, nutmeg, ginger, pepper, and the most odoriferous herbs; and all these tastes are so well mixed that you are not able to name one before another prevails.

Banan.—Honour this ragout then, by eating heartily of it: and, boy, bring in another.

Schac.—By no means, my lord; indeed, I cannot eat any more.

Banan.—Had you rather not? It's just at hand, I assure you. There *is* another ragout, boy, Is there not?

Schac.—I assure you, my lord, I have not made *such a dinner (ambiguously)* for a long time. Not any more, my lord!

Banan.—Then you may take away, boy, and bring in the fruit. The ragout *was* good.

Schac.—Very, my lord.

Banan.—Now taste these almonds; they are newly gathered. Come, come, you eat nothing.

Schac.—(*Aside*)—That's the truest word he has said yet. *(Aloud,)* Oh, I beg your pardon, my lord, (*pretending to put a large quantity in his mouth*) I eat "an infinite deal——of nothing." (*Aside.*)

Banan.—There are all sorts of fruits, cakes, dry sweetmeats, and—no, he has not brought the conserves; boy, the conserves! and here, my good friend, is a lozenge, very good for digestion; and I think we've eaten enough to require such a help.

Schac.—(*Aside*)—Truly, what I've eaten will ask very little digestion. (*Affecting to eat it.*) My lord, there is no want of musk here; aye, and there I taste the rose-water; delicious!

Banan.—These lozenges are made at my own house, where there is nothing wanting to make them good. But methinks you do not eat as if you had been so hungry as you said you were when you came in.

Schac.—My lord, I assure you my jaws ache with eating—(*Aside*)—nothing. (*Aloud*) I am so full (*Aside*) of emptiness, (*Aloud*) that I cannot eat *as I have done* any more.

Banan.—Well then, friend, we must drink now, after we have eaten so well.

Schac.—My lord, I am forbidden wine,

Banan.—You are too scrupulous; do as I do. (*Affecting to drink.*)

Schac.—(*Aside*)—Yes, I do; and that's the reason why I don't drink wine. (*Aloud.*) I do it then, my lord, purely out of complaisance; for I see you are determined nothing shall be wanting to render your treat noble: but I warn you, my Lord, that since I am not accustomed to drink wine, I am afraid I shall commit some error in point of breeding, and of the respect which is due to you: I therefore pray you, once more, my Lord, to excuse me from drinking wine; I will be content with water.

Banan.—No, no, you shall drink wine. *(Pretending to pour out for himself and Schacabac.)* Drink my health, now, and let me know your opinion of this wine. Take it off; it will not hurt you.

Schac.—(Aside.) No, I'll answer for it. *(Pretending to hold a glass up to the light.)* My lord, I return you many thanks for this excellent good cheer: *(affects to drink)* My lord, this is very excellent wine; but I think it is not quite strong enough.

Banan.—If you would have stronger, you need only speak, for I have several sorts in my cellar. Try how you like this. *(Pretending to pour out for himself and Schacabac.)*

Schac.—Aye, this is better! *(affects to drink)* There's no wine like this, my lord! *(ambiguously.)*

Banan.—No, I do flatter myself you'll not often taste such liquor as that.

Schac.—No; I'll warrant me, (*aside*) unless I turn cameleon, and feed on the air. (*Pretends to drink again, and become intoxicated.*)

Banan.—Why, my friend, its strength seems to overcome you.

Schac.—Truly, my lord, I am so overcome, or come over, for its all the same thing, that I hardly know whether I've a glass in my hand, or not; and notwithstanding the reality of this dessert and wine before me, which it is impossible in (*hiccups*) reason to question, I could almost persuade myself there's nothing on the table.

Banan.—Oh, then you must be far gone indeed. It's time you went no farther.

Schac.—(*Aside.*)—Why, if I went ever so much farther, I could not fare worse (*pointing to the empty table.*)

Yes, my lord (*affecting to drink and hiccup continually*), I had better (*drinks*) drink no more. Wine should be taken only in (*drinks largely*) moderation, and not swallowed as if (*drinks*) it was air.

Banan.—That's very true (*drinks*); wine is not air, as you say.

Schac.—(*Aide.*)—No, nor is air wine. (*Feigning to be drunk, with the repeated glasses, gets up, staggers, and at last gives the Barmecide a box of the ear, which lays him on the floor.*)

Banan.—What, are you mad? are you mad?

Schac.—(*Aside.*)—No; but you are. (*Affecting to come to himself.*) My lord! you have been so good as to admit your slave into your house, and to give him a sumptuous treat; you should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not have obliged me to drink wine, since I told you before-hand that it might occasion me to fail in respect to you: I am much concerned at what has happened, and beg you a thousand pardons.

Banan.—(*Laughing immoderately.*) Let us be friends, (*embracing Schac.*) I not only forgive you the blow you have dealt me; but I am desirous that henceforward you should make my house that home of which you stand in need. You have been so complaisant as to accommodate yourself to my humour; and, since though fainting with hunger, you have been so good-tempered as to eat in jest, I hope your appetite will not leave you, now you are going to dine in earnest. (*A sumptuous entertainment is brought in by several slaves.*) I were ignorant indeed, did I not know that he who cannot take a joke should never give one; and (*looking to the audience,*) I wish every one may hear this proverb with as much patience, and illustrate it with as much good-humour, as you and I. [*Exeunt ambo.*

THE THEATRES.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

NOVEMBER.

23. Chances. [never acted] A new Dance, called LOVE IN A TUB, (1) composed by Mr. D'Egville. The Characters by Mr. Laurent, Master Noble, Miss C. Bristow, Mrs. Wallack, Mesdames Davis, Twamley, Green, Dennett, H. Dennett, Toose, and Miss Gayton.—Ella Rosenberg.

24. As You Like It. (2) Rosalind, Miss Duncan. Celia, (first time) Miss Ray. Audrey, (first time) Miss Mellon. Blue Beard.

25. Wonder. Love in a Tub. Rosina.

26. Cabinet. Id. Three and the Deuce.

28. John Bull. Blue Beard.

29. Provoked Husband. Love in a Tub. Matrimony.

30. Inconstant. Blue Beard.

DECEMBER.

1. [Never acted] A new Drama, in three Acts, called VENONI; OR THE NOVICE OF ST. MARK'S. (3) The Overture and Music composed by Mr. Kelly. CHARACTERS. Count Benvolio (Viceroy of Sicily), Mr. Siddons. The Marquis Caprara, Mr. Powell. Cœlestino, (Prior of St. Mark's) Mr. Wroughton. Venoni, (a Novitiate) [Novice] Mr. Elliston. Jeronymo, Mr. Holland. Michael, Mr. De Camp. Nicolo, Mr. Maddocks. Anastasio, Mr. Cooke. Benedetto, (the Viceroy's Steward) Mr. Penley. Fishermen, Mr. Smith, Master Dourouset, Master Huckel. Hortentia, Mrs. Powell. Josepha, Mrs. H. Siddons. Teresa, Mrs. Sparks. No Song no Supper.

2. Id. Love in a Tub. Irishman in London.

3. Id. Doctor and Apothecary.

5. Id. Blue Beard.

6. Id. Love in a Tub. Of Age To-morrow.

7. Id. Id. Mayor of Garratt.

8. John Bull. Blue Beard.

9. World. Love in a Tub. Anatomist.

10. Siege of Belgrade. Catharine, (first time) Miss Lyon. Lilla, (first time) Miss Kelly. Three and the Deuce.

12. VENONI (re-produced with an entire NEW THIRD ACT) (3). The Characters as before, with the addition

of Lodovico, Mrs. Eyre. Veronica, Mrs. Mudie. Blue Beard.

13. Id. Devil to Pay.

14. Id. Love in a Tub. Prize. Caroline, (first time) Miss Kelly.

15. Id. Blue Beard.

16. Id. Love in a Tub. Rosina. William, Miss Kelly. Captain Belville, Mr. MARSHALL, (his first appearance on this stage.)

17. Cabinet. Floretta, Miss Kelly. Three and the Deuce.

19. Venoni. Blue Beard.

20. False Alarms. Miss Umbrage and Susan, (first time) Mrs. Sparks and Miss Kelly. Love in a Tub. Mayor of Garratt.

21. Venoni. Blue Beard.

22. Love for Love. Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Foresight, (first time) Mrs. Harlowe and Mrs. Orger. Love in a Tub. Ella Rosenberg.

23. Venoni. Blue Beard.

(1) This Ballet has no great merit, as a composition; but it admirably displays the dancing of Master Noble and Miss Gayton. This little pair derive as much advantage here from a tub, which is introduced, as they did from a flower-pot at the King's Theatre last season. The title might have been Love in a Tub, or Diogenes married. We are surprised that, as this ballet is named after the title of an old play, Mr. D'Egville did not think of Love in a Hollow Tree for the name of the other to which we allude. The lovers of the present production, before they enter the tub, favour us with a pas de deux in a *hoop*, by way of initiating themselves, we presume, to the whole tub.

(2) The resignation of Miss Pope has promoted Miss Mellon to the character of Audrey, and made room for Miss Ray in that of Celia. The former acquitted herself sufficiently well; but she imitated her predecessor a little too much. The latter played very prettily; but we recommend her not to look and speak in quite so infantine a manner.

(3) Venoni is the (we are not to say, avowed) production of Mr. Lewis, whose style it accurately resembles. The interest of the first two acts is considerable; but the critics "ventured to suggest that it rather fell off in the

third." To this Mr. Lewis did not reply "Rises; I believe you mean," but actually was "never so well pleased as when a judicious critic pointed out a defect to him," and re-wrote the whole third act. The story of the piece, as it originally stood, was taken from a French piece, entitled *Les Victimes Cloitrées*, but the new act brings about the catastrophe by new means. The first third act presented us with a double scene, the hero and heroine being both discovered at the same time in the dungeons of an adjoining monastery and convent, an incident evidently borrowed from the "Monk" of the same author. This is not the first time this idea has been attempted; and we recollect its total failure in a wretched after-piece, called "In and Out of Tune," where the operations of two rooms were discovered at the same time. One great cause of the ineffectiveness of both these scenes was that the partitions which divided the stage did not come completely to the orchestra, while the performers sometimes did. This error was, in Venoni, rectified in pursuance of some observations in the "Times;" but the deed was done, and nothing could restore the imaginations of the audience to their usual good-nature. The obnoxious scene was, therefore, by the second third act, totally omitted. The serious dialogue of Venoni is written with the usual energy and feeling of Mr. Lewis's prose; but the comic is written too with his usual pertness and insipidity. Much of it indeed is mere repetition from the "Monk" and the "Castle Spectre." The amended third act is certainly better than the original; but the drama is still deficient in an uniformity, much more in a climax, of interest. One cannot help recollecting that the piece did not originally conclude as we now see it; and the alteration has all the ill-effect of a story-teller's revoking some of the facts of his narrative: we are reminded of Launce and his dog: "I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog:—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so."

(4) We were prevented by our attendance at the other theatre from witnessing the performance of this gentleman; but we understand it to have been wholly unsuccessful.

KING'S THEATRE (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY).

NOVEMBER.

23. Exile. Animal Magnetism.
24. Id. Mistake upon Mistake.
25. Id. Who wins?
26. Henry the Eighth.
28. The Exile. Tom Thumb.
29. Id. Review.
30. Id. Portrait of Cervantes.

DECEMBER.

1. Id. Who wins?
2. Id. Poor Soldier.
3. [Last night of the Company's performing at the King's Theatre.] Macbeth. Forest of Hermanstadt.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY).

5. Mountaineers. (1) Floranthe, Mrs. H. Johnston. [Never acted] a new Farce, in three Acts, called The SCHOOL FOR AUTHORS. (2) Principal Characters, Diaper, Mr. Munden. Cleveland, Mr. Brunton. Wormwood, Mr. Farley. Jeffery, Mr. Davenport. Frank, Mr. Jones. Jane, Miss Norton. Susan, Mrs. Gibbs.

6. Exile. Id.

7. [By permission of the Proprietors of the Theatre-Royal, Hay-Market,] The Africans; or War, Love, and Duty. Farulho, Mr. Murray. Berissa, Miss Norton. Id. Susan, Miss Logan.

8. Exile. Sedona, Mrs. Humphries. Id.

9. Africans. Id.

10. Exile. Id.

12. Hamlet. Hamlet, Mr. Young. Id.

13. Exile. Id.

14. Man of the World. Id.

15. Exile. Id. Jane, Miss De Camp.

16. Town and Country. (3) Trot, Mr. Munden. Plastic, Mr. Jones. Reuben Glenroy, Mr. Young. Hon. Mrs. Glenroy, Mrs. C. Kemble. Rosalie Somers, Miss Norton. [Never acted] A new Ballet, called THE DOUBLE WEDDING, (4) composed by Mr. Rossi. The Overture and Music by Mr. Ware. Characters by THE INFANT PRODIGY (from Liverpool, being her first

appearance on this Stage,) Messrs. Bologna, jun. Ridgway, King, Bologna, Goodman, T. Blanchard, W. Murray, Master Oscar Byrne, Mademoiselle NORA, (from the Opera House, being her first appearance on this Stage,) Mrs. Whitmore, The Misses Adams, and the whole of the Corps de Ballet. School for Authors.

17. Exile. Double Wedding. Id.

19. King Richard the Third. Id. Who wins?

20. Exile. Id. Raising the Wind.

21. Othello. Othello, Mr. Young. Iago, Mr. Cooke. Desdemona, Miss Norton. Id. Portrait of Cervantes.

22. Town and Country. Id. Arbitration.

23. Venice Preserved. Belvidera, Mrs. BEAUMONT (from the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, being her first appearance on this Stage.) Id. School for Authors.

(1) Mr. Kemble, whether from the thinness of the house this evening, or the thickness of his voice, spoke the part of Octavian, as if he were whispering it to some new fellow-performer, whom he did not wish to encourage, at a rehearsal. We know not whether Mr. Kemble was in pain; but we are sure we were. On these occasions Mr. Kemble should not perform: there was no necessity for the representation of the Mountaineers to-night, and if there had been, Mr. Young was in the house. We are glad to see that Mr. Kemble has since ceded to this gentleman several prominent characters: this step was more than we should have expected from Mr. Kemble's policy, though not from Mr. Young's talents.

(2) The farce, or (as it is published, and as it undoubtedly is, the comedy) of the School for Authors, is the production of the late Mr. Tobin. It is brought forward with avidity, now that the short-sightedness of managers has witnessed the success of his Honeymoon and Curfew, although it is perhaps one of the very pieces, with which, when the author was alive, he for so many years danced an unsuccessful attendance at their treasuries. Of all crying abuses, the partiality and utter want of judgment displayed in the acceptance of dramatic productions requires the speediest and most complete reform. Here is a dramatic poet, who lived upon the hopes of an acceptance of one of his various productions, and died upon the frustration of those hopes! now that he is deaf to the smallest vibration of that applause, for which in his life-

time he so earnestly longed, the meanest relick of his genius is held up to the lasting admiration of the public, and the immortal disgrace of those managers by whom his productions have hitherto been slighted!

The School for Authors very much resembles in story Foote's farce of the Patron; and like all Mr. Tobin's other productions, it is full of plagiarisms from that and other writers. We have in keeping for our readers a copious collection of parallels to passages in the Honey-moon and the Curfew, to which we shall now probably add such as may occur to us upon reading the School for Authors; in the mean time presenting our readers with the following, by way of sample.

"DACTYL. When a man is once listed in the service of the Muses—

PUFF. Why, let him give them warning as fast as he can. A pretty sort of service, indeed! where there are neither wages nor vails. The Muses! And what I suppose this is the livery they give!"

Patron, Act 1.

"FRANK. I've a great respect for the Muses, 'tis true; yet I never mean to enter again into their service, for, without exception, they give the shortest commons, the worst wages, and the shabbiest liveries of any ladies about town."

School for Authors, Act 2, *Scene* 2.

Diaper, in the School for Authors too, fathers his play, called Gunpowder Treason, upon Cleveland, who afterwards married his niece, just as Sir Thomas Lofty, in the Patron, forces his play, called Robinson Crusoe, upon Bever, who afterwards married *his* niece. Sir Thomas Lofty is, however, a more likely man to become an author, than Mr. Diaper, a tradesman of Cheapside; neither is the author-and-reviewer-footman Frank a very natural personage. The little comedy, however, contains much wit and humour (we beg our readers not to rub their eyes at these words), and flies off very pleasingly. Mr. Munden's Diaper is the life of the piece; and long may it enjoy that life!

(3) Mr. Morton's provoking play of Town and Country has experienced the above innovations in its cast. We never knew what to make of this play. The characters of Reuben Glenroy and the Hon. Mrs. Glenroy are perhaps the most unaccountable beings that ever were fancied. Reuben Glenroy is, like Penruddock in the Wheel of Fortune, of a refined mind though of coarse manners; but then he is the lover of an elegant woman, and the friend of a clown. Like Penruddock he goes

about bullying private families into reform, and because he is eccentric himself, thinks every body else so. He is as great a nuisance in the play, as Miss Burney's mysterious moralist is in the novel; and it is a pity that both were not sent to hard labour long ago. We are utterly unable to say whether Mr. Young performed the character justly; for we do not at all know whether the author conceived it as a rustic, and Mr. Young dressed and looked it like a gentleman; whether the author, as Cowper says,

> " ——————— intended
> " Rough logs and thatch, and thus it ended!

or whether he meant it to be a gentleman, and Mr. Young took leave of his boorish companions with too fraternal an embrace. Upon this point therefore our judgment must stand over, till an issue can be tried as to the fact. The Hon. Mrs. Glenroy vacillates between the characters of a fashionable and a domestic woman, with a most unnatural and irregular swing; so uxoriously gay, as to ensure contempt from the former, and so timorously maternal as to excite nothing but pity from the latter. Mrs. Charles Kemble totally failed to reconcile these contradictions; her general style of acting has more of the fashionable, but her appearance has more of the maternal; and, as if to keep up the contradiction of the character, when the pendulum was at the fashionable swing, we could not help looking at her appearance, and when at the domestic, we caught ourselves thinking of her general style of acting.

(4) The Ballet of this company too is Scottish; but we cannot find any more jet in it than in that of the other house. It introduced us, however, to Madlle. Nora, from the Opera Company of the season before last, and to a little female infant, answering to the name of Prodigy, who was scarcely born the season before last. Madlle. Nora is a firm and accurate dancer, but she wants agility; she makes, as it were, a comma between each step. An English audience prefers Miss Adams, who shares with Madlle. Nora the toils of the same ballet, but gets more than half the applause. The introduction of the Infant Prodigy, as the child is empirically announced, we consider as an alarming inroad upon the reputation of a London Theatre, and an indelible slur upon the character of the manager who engaged her. At this rate, we must not be sur-

prised to see any of the monsters of Bartholomew Fair announced for the entertainment of a regular theatre; and Mr. Kemble may stand a chance of the refusal of the Learned Pig before any other Conjuror.

(5) Mrs. Beaumont is the wife of the Glasgow manager, and the sister of Mrs. Mudie, who is playing with so little success at Drury-lane. Mrs. Beaumont is a degree more personable than her sister, whom she very much resembles both in countenance and in the afflicted tones of her voice; but she is many degrees a better actress than Mrs. Mudie; and the town has to regret that the one sister is engaged to them for a year, while the other is to be their guest only for a few weeks. We shall be very happy if, in return for the pleasure she is affording a London audience, that audience shall, in any degree, contribute to purify her from the few provincial habits she possesses.

Mrs. Beaumont has a very good conception of the character of Belvidera, who is, in our opinion, a mere idolater of her husband, and is rather sensual than "sensible," as the "Examiner" terms her: when her husband is with her she "hangs upon him as if excess of appetite grew by what it fed on;" when he parts from her, she asks him for a kiss extraordinary, under pretence of its being for her child; and then goes mad to think that it is the last she shall ever receive. We do not mean to ridicule this little trait; we think it perfectly in unison with the natural character Otway has drawn; but what is it if Belvidera is to be considered as a woman of "masculine sense?" Mrs. Beaumont's acting fully agreed with our opinion, and formed a beautiful comment on the words of Shakspeare which we have just quoted.

THEATRE ROYAL, BATH.

Our theatre opened rather inauspiciously, notwithstanding the attraction of Mr. Young, who appeared in most of his principal characters. The managers have favoured us with Mr. Cooke for a few nights, who has played to overflowing houses. His sterling merit, as an actor, put all competition at defiance: he played Sir Pertinax, Sir Archy, Shylock, Iago, &c. But few novelties have been added to the company since the last season. Mr. Vining, a pleasing actor, has appeared in the interesting part of Durimel in the "Point of Honour." Miss Holloway, as second; and Mrs. Cummins from the Theatre Royal, Weymouth, we understand, are also engaged. This lady made her first

courtesy to a Bath audience, as Miss Neville in "She stoops to Conquer." Mrs. Windsor, we understand, is only occasionally to delight us with her sweet strains, having no regular engagement. We recognise most of our favourites of last season; in the comic line, Mr. Lovegrove, Mr. Mallinson, and Mr. Evans: nor must we forget our veteran actor, Mr. Blisset, who (though retired from the stage), intends, at the request of many friends, to gratify them and the public, by displaying his powers for a few nights this season. A new melo-drama, called the "Iron Mask," is in rehearsal; it is said to be from the pen of Mr. Dimond, jun. The music, we believe, is, for the most part, the composition and selection of Mr. Bennett; we congratulate this gentleman on his great improvement in acting and singing since last season; his voice is sweet and flexible, and he sings with great taste and feeling. Two of our pantomimic performers have lately stepped forward as competitors for the sock and buskin, with great credit to themselves, and regret to the audience, that their talents should so long have been confined to pantomime and ballet: Mr. Gomery has played several parts with much applause; and the elegant person and expressive countenance of Mr. Dowland appear to great advantage now that he has assumed several characters in genteel comedy. Miss Marriot is a pleasing actress and correct speaker; nor can I avoid noticing the arch playfulness of Mrs. Loder, (late Miss Mills) who is a general favourite. Though we must ever regret the loss of our established favourite, Mrs. Didier (who has retired from the theatric scene), yet her absence has been greatly supplied by Mrs. Grove, who is an actress of superior merit and accomplishments. In London we see only the *first* characters well filled; in Bath *all* respectably.

A THEATRICAL AMATEUR.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Miss Smith, late of Govent Garden Theatre, now performing in Dublin, is about to bestow her hand on Mr. Power, a gentleman of fortune in the County of Kilkenny, and one of the most eminent among the private performers of the Theatre in that city.

Young Vestris and Madamoiselle Angelini are engaged for the Opera for the ensuing season. The former is said to possess all the elasticity, grace, and vigour of his father when he first came to England; and the latter is a young and beautiful Italian, and said to be an exquisite dancer. Naldi is also engaged.

Mrs. Edwin, from the Dublin Theatre, is engaged to the Covent-Garden company for three years.